



T H E G L I M M E R I N G S

O F

A R U S H L I G H T .

C A L C U T T A :

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Dedicated to

My Convent Friend, dear MARY ROUSELAIN,
Begot in sunshine, scared not by dark night;
True friendship's claims, thus marks my grateful pen,
Thou'lt read it, even by a small "Rushlight."

Thou constant friend; *now* first in Julia's heart,
The only one that heart *now* loves to own;
Believe it, Mary, though we be apart,
Our spirits mingle with love's sweetest tone.

With boundless pleasure, now I dedicate,
My labours to thee, in this short address;
'Twill tell thee fondly; not in words dilate,
Thou'rt well remembered by

"THE AUTHORESS."

To the Reader.

ONLY a "Rushlight!" reader, pray remember,
Should criticism be your present aim;
Despise it not;—a steady glare 'twill render:
The farthing "Rush," vaunts not a torch-light flame.
Its glimmerings can light a leisure hour,
To those, who have for reading, such to spare:
To move a feeling heart it may have power;
And draw a merry laugh, e'en from dull care.
To minds attuned by "charity's" soft touch,
Its sounding notes will no discordance cause;
The player does her best;—boasts not o'er much,
Then, listener, mark this, and from censure pause.



THE
GLIMMERINGS OF A RUSHLIGHT.

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LETTER FIRST.

*Alley's Home, September 21st.*

MY DEAR, DEAR MINNA;

I BEGIN this letter, with a certain grave little face before my mind's eye, relaxing from its accustomed seriousness, into the pleasantest smile of gratification, at the sight of a *wee packet, couleur-de rose*, which that anxiously-expected, but never-seemed-to-be-coming postman, has at last left "for Miss May."

I shall not be able to say much; but I feel assured, that my ever-thoughtful friend will anticipate my reason for not sending her a more lengthy epistle, at this onset of my correspondential career.

We arrived here this morning, after travelling almost air-speed; indeed—I was unquestionably delighted when the train stopped its buzzing and squeaking, and seemed disposed, in unison with *one* of its weary, brain-dizzy travellers, to rest awhile. Was I not glad to leave the railway terminus! seated beside Papa in his stately carriage, revelling in the midst of luxurious cushions, and sundry heart-cheering kisses; until the horses were drawn up under the portico of "Alley's Home;" which, Papa



said, was the designation assigned to our fairy-like dwelling, by him.

No sooner alighted, than taking a bird's-eye view of all around me, I asked to be shown my room. I caught a smile flitting across Papa's face, which seemed to say. "Ah! woman's curiosity"; but I soon perceived it change into a look of satisfaction, when I went up to him, and, after pressing my usual seal of affection on his dear, smiling lips, I said "I'll be down at your call, Papa; I promised to write to Minna May as soon as I set foot in 'my own room,' so I am anxious to fulfil my engagement; lest, all the delightful sights you have prepared to feast my eyes upon, will shut out recollection of a dear friend at Loretto House"

So, here I am! with a wealth of paper and pens, and all the paraphernalia of a well-stocked desk before me; disfiguring this once clear sheet of *De-la-Rue's* cream-laid, with my crab-legged writing, and only-to-you acceptable nonsense. I must content myself with describing only my room, this time; and number two packet will bear to you a continuation of all I shall then have seen, heard, and known.

Fancy me, Alley Belle! ensconced in the tiniest of rose-wood chairs, with my feet buried in the softest of soft hearth-rugs; my hand resting against my left temple; and my elbow on the prettiest of Papiér Maché desks—this same desk, being supported on a Papiér Maché occasional, the all-over-bestrewed flowers of which, seem only to covet the scent of a little bunch of Bussorah Roses, standing in an opal vase next to my right arm; to entice a certain sensitive organ on my phiz, towards them.

Then, this identical occasional glories in its close proximity to an open window; barred by a slender iron rail, and shaded by a shower of snowy muslin curtains, looped aside with the rosiest of pink cords and tassels. Behold your friend, Alley! seated before this lovely opening; at times busy with her pen—anon, gazing at the rich green prospect beyond, or inhaling the fragrant perfume of the rival boquet.

I must hasten to introduce the other noticeable objects in my private apartment; else, I shall have to account for

the unintentional lengthiness of my intended short missive, in Topsy fashion,—“I s’pect it growd.”

Now, dear Min! picture to yourself a square room, enter it by a white painted door-way, and you come upon a China screen; bend your wise little head forward, and peep beyond it, what do those soul-stealing-blue eyes of yours see? But I must first do away with the present occupant of the rose-wood chair; otherwise, Minna’s sight “I s’pect” will see “nothin nor nobody.” Rather an uncomfortable task at present, dear one; so Alley must stay where she is, *en matin dishabille*, (which, *entré nous*, she is not disposed to resign just yet) and beg her dear Minna to exercise her understanding, instead of those azure orbs, which will be called into requisition for the same purpose some future day.

Well! facing the China screen, is a similar window to the one described before; with curtains *en suite*. On either side of this window, stands a pair of gothic cabinets; the contents of which I have not yet ransacked, but will do so in the course of eternal time. In the centre of the window is placed a richly-carved, gothic *Prie Dieu*; the slope and cushion being covered with pink velvet, and a gothic arch at the back supporting an ivory crucifix, at the base of which rests an urn for Holy Water. Here, I hope daily to remember my own sweet Minna; and here shall Alley Belle ask God to bless that dear, precious friend, who first instilled the love of devotion into her wayward heart.

Wipe off those liquid drops, dear one! I perceive them from this distance, blotting these already unintelligible sheets of paper. There, let me imagine that placid smile I so loved to see! now look toward the centre of my room, there stands a fairy dimensioned bed—wrought of iron, canopied with net curtains of dazzling whiteness, within which lies a cozy looking mattress, and pillows which assume a most comfortable appearance. But truly, dear Minna, it is a matter of regret to me, that I cannot add to this description of my bed, all the ease my weary limbs hope to feel when I shall rest them on its downy surface. All in time—“Rome was not built in a day!” Besides, patience is a virtue not very familiar to Alley Belle; so

this will be one help to the acquiring of it. Ah! I hear the oft-repeated expression "Mad Girl"! tingling in my ears. Well! mad or sane I must rattle on, so be all attention, Miss May.

A soft carpet lies beside my ladyship's resting-place, and to the right and left of it are two broad walls; against one, stands a small cheval and its attendant waiters (the prettiest in the world, Min,) with white marble tops, on which are scattered scent-bottles and flower-holders of all colours of the rainbow; and myriads of drawers descending to the ground, carved in the shape of shells, puzzling the beholder by their fantastical positions.

A fellow carpet to the one near my bed, is spread before the cheval; and—Oh Min! such a Lilliputian of a dressing chair stands on it, temptingly bidding me end my letter soon, and try its soft cushioned back.

Am I not to be praised for refraining to avail of its alluring offer? "Mad Girl," again, eh? "now go on," Minna wishes to say, but she thinks it useless waste of breath. Never mind, Min, I suspect your wishes, so will not keep you wandering much longer in the labyrinth of my deviations. Doubtless, you have come to the conclusion, that my descriptive powers are not under regulation; otherwise, I should have told you two minutes ago, that opposite my toilet I see a love of a wash-hand stand; its white marble top looking so cool, and the pink and white jug and basin beckoning me to lift the crochet napkin, and test the refreshing qualities of the crystal waters within, impatiently awaiting the touch of my now aching fingers to disturb their unnatural stillness. "Self-praise," says the proverb, "is no recommendation!" or, I should have asked you if I was not a most self-denying creature; especially as I am *only* enjoying myself, by holding communion with one, whom I love, better than all the luxuries Papa's dainty daughter can command. I must direct your attention quickly to my lyre-shaped towel-rack—veiled with a spotless "Baden-Baden," and on the foot-board of which, just spy a pair of crochet slippers: I wish I could now kiss the worker; more especially, as I imagine her eyelashes to be at this present moment fringed with tears. Ah, those truant drops! brush them

off, Min! and survey my one but last-mentioned treasure, my superb Book-case. I have traced some of my favourite authors, peeping through the lozenge-shaped glasses; but of them, more anon.

One item remains to be noticed, and then I must say Adieu, it is the most curious little gown-stand one has ever set eyes on. 'Tis carved in imitation of a tree, and on the apparently leafless branches are grouped little birds, their heads and beaks serving as pegs to hold Alley Belle's clothes.

Jenny says Papa wants me within half an hour; I hope to be ready before its expiration, but I am doubtful on that score, if I do not drop this pen from my reluctant fingers; and I expect my dear, indulgent Papa will be getting jealous of Minna May, if I delay going to him. So that won't do, I have not reckoned that item in my list; and I hate extras. Good bye, my dearly-loved Minna, God bless you. Believe me still your affectionate friend, *et priez pour*

ALLEY BELLE.

P. S.—I had almost forgotten to tell you, to distribute my love to all you know I intend should share it. I hope I shall tax my memory better before I conclude my next letter, or you will be comparing me to that tiresome Kitty Clover, with a host of post-scripts.

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## LETTER SECOND.

*Loretto House, September 24th.*

MY DEARLY LOVED ALLEY,

THAT yourself and Mr. Belle are both well and happy, is my sincere wish. The letter that "growd" through Alley's fingers, was duly delivered to me last evening, by Mother Mary Joseph; she made a comment *en passant*, on the grand things you described, but was nevertheless pleased with the contents of your number one packet.



So, railway travelling was not very pleasant for your nerves? I can understand your being brain-dizzy, but I cannot acquit you, Alley, on the score of weariness. Surely, a strong, hearty girl, such as you were on leaving the Convent, could not have been wearied by a drive to the river-side; being ferried across; and after a few minutes' walk to the station, being whirled away in a pleasant seat, some few miles distant! I expect, imagination had a deal to do with this "weary traveller." You must give this busy body a gentle hint, that Minna May intends taking notes of its doings, and hopes to supersede its persuasive powers over the mind of Alley Belle.

I could dwell longer on this point, but refrain from doing so, knowing, it would be unfair to lecture you on the evil of giving way to imagination, before you have an opportunity of explaining to me the cause of this premature weariness. I should have thought, that weariness would have crept over you, *after* writing on over so many sheets of your exquisite "cream laid", subsequent to the travelling; but, as Alley is mum on this head, I must conclude that her silence gives consent to my conception, of her joining Mr. Belle that memorable afternoon, not *quite* worn-out.

Who is Jenny? you have introduced me most minutely, to all the dead weight in your chamber, but only by name do you intimate the presence of a living being within its precincts, besides the occupant of the rose-wood chair. Your room must indeed be a fairy spot—the *Prie Dieu* and bed have captivated my fancy; and my heartfelt hope is, that dear Alley enjoyed the prayer and repose she expected to.

Your cheval waiters, with their "myriads of drawers," quite out-steps my comprehensive powers; likewise the gown-stand, with its groups of birds. Had your letter not been dated from "Alley's Home," I should have supposed you to have been in dream-land; gazing at air-wove structures. Doubtless Mr. Belle's upholsterer would pronounce me a goose, if he heard of my incredulity of his extensive artistical capabilities; I shall most humbly acknowledge my want of comprehension, when I see these objects of my present wonderment.

You seem to possess all that could be desired for comfort in your room; but, were Minna May its occupant, she would not lose time in making some trifling additions; viz., a vase of flowers on each of those beautiful waiters, not forgetting to decorate the *Prie Dieu* also, with a vase of fragrant blossoms. Then I would ask Papa for a picture of our Saviour, and one of the blessed Virgin—the former to preside over my toilet, and the latter to hang between that enticing wash-hand stand, and lyre towel-rack. Then, I would consider yours, a model *boudoir*.

Dear Alley! long may you enjoy the comforts Heaven has so kindly given you; and may God be not less bountiful in every other blessing. Yet, my sweet friend, always try to deserve the gifts of our good and merciful Creator; ever regard your possessions as a loan from the Almighty, who can recall all the luxuries he has indulgently granted you. Remember—Prosperity best discovers our vices, and our frail hearts are apt to be choked up with the tares of pride, selfishness, and vain-glory; sprung up from the soil of wealth, owing to the carelessness of the possessor.

I am truly gratified to find, that the transition from the sombre to the beautiful, did not, in all its freshness, obliterate the remembrance of Minna May from the memory of her beloved Alley. This is another link to the love-chain which has been entwined around our kindred hearts. The further you are drawn from me, tighter is the grasp of affection's hold on Minna's heart. Now I can fully realize the truth of these words "absence makes the heart grow fonder." I have a store of advice to deal to you from, when occasion offers; and I herewith send you the first dole-full. Never let any promise made to me interfere with the slightest wish of your kind Father: primarily attend to him, and the pleasure of writing to your friend will be enhanced by the knowledge, that the calls of duty have been fulfilled, and the time devoted to this mental recreation is not robbed from parental right.

I have a vocation as well, which will deter me from writing to you at any time I may desire to do so; but, I have arranged with Mother Mary Joseph, to answer your letters during our play-hours; and instead of writing to imaginary people on letter-writing days, I shall address my

absent friend: thus, as the saying goes, I'll "Kill two birds with one stone." The lecture bell will call me a few minutes hence; so, dear Alley, I cannot say all I had intended, and you must be content with a shorter letter than the one you penned for me. Your tender of love was very acceptable to Sister Magdalen, Cora Ellis, and dear Reverend Mother; I knew you meant them especially, although I distributed your love in general terms; not wishing a single soul to think unkindly of my warm-hearted Alley. We are all well here, with the exception of our invalid Sister Rose; I obtained leave to sit by her to-day, and I booked it in my mind, as the happiest half-hour spent since Alley left. Holy soul! I felt myself the companion of a saint during that brief interval: her words were as dew-drops falling on parched ground; my heart-roots were moistened by them; and I left her with the conviction, that I had been the most ungrateful of children to a long-suffering, and most merciful God. I hope to renew my visit to her cell, and I will make you a sharer of all I enjoy there.

*Adieu, Chere Alley,*

*La votre pour toujours,*

*Priez pour,*

MINNA MAY.

P. S.—I enclose a slip of paper, which contains a dream tacked on to rhyme. I expect you to furnish my portfolio with some stray leaves from your versical store.

### A DREAM.

I dreamed of you, dear Alley,  
It was last even-tide  
That you were well, and happy  
And I was by your side.  
Yet in my dream I wondered  
How all this came to be  
And soon I woke to find that it  
Was not reality.

M. M.

## LETTER THIRD.

*Alley's Home, October 6th.*

MY DEAR, DEAR MINNA,

My feelings underwent a strange complication of pain and pleasure, upon the perusal of your first letter.

I was pained to perceive that you had cause to censure me so soon after our parting; and pleased beyond measure, to read those tender assurances of your affection, for such a "mad-cap" as Alley is.

So you want an explanation of my *alleged* weariness? Rather a provoking demand! Well, be it so, *ma petite Min*.

Did you never feel excited by any extraordinary sad occurrence? and after it was over, would you not feel disposed to be alone with your thoughts? *I* had parted that morning from a very dear friend—pity *you* did not know her, Min; otherwise, I should have been spared the trouble of informing you, that Alley was "weary in *spirit*, and listless in *will*," when she left the Convent; and surely, this does not come within your list of impossibilities, because, forsooth, I am a strong, hearty girl?

I will admit that I was in fault for not writing more clearly; I am not the less grateful for your "check in season." If this explanation is found indistinct, I must ask you to take a retrospective view of that eventful morning's proceedings, and question yourself thus:—"Did *I* feel as tireless as the bird in its flight?" I'll stake *that* precious love-chain of ours, that the answer will be—"Mind-weary I felt,—dear Alley *you're* right."

Rest easy, kind monitress, regarding the fulfilment of my duties; believe me, those downy pillows would not so soon lull my eyelids to sleep, were I to do anything to the displeasure of my own dear Papa. Not all the Minnas in the world could precede that unequalled parent in my thoughts; although it is my firm belief, that, paramount to all, would Minna May reign, had she not already held sovereign sway in leading my wayward heart to regu-



late its affections. Of all Papa's goodness to me, it would take every minute of time I could spare, to make you acquainted with; and yet, I am doubtful if I will have enumerated all.

I feel I am all that endears him to life: when I bend over his dear face every night, before I retire to rest, and he utters the usual "God bless you, my darling," (O Min! I feel, as if I could never be tired of kissing the loving lips, that called down so sweet a benediction on my thoughtless head.

I often look at his handsome face, and think "the casket is beautiful, but the jewel it encloses is the rarest, and most precious." And this priceless treasure is the inheritance left me by my angel Mother; for angel she must have been, since her husband prizes her memory so well, to whom her very name is sacred.

After I had finished my first letter to you, I indulged myself with a dip of my burning face into the pink and white bason; which operation served as magic, to dispel "Billy Winky" from my eyes; and, as I had not discarded the good Convent habit, of "dressing in a trice," I was ready for Papa, some minutes before the expiration of the prescribed half-hour.

I had taken my position at the library window; and, just as my eye had rested on a rose, which I was premeditating should shortly shed its perfume near my all-factory nerve; lo! the sight of my coveted flower was shut out by a pair of hands; and not until I threw my head back upon a broad chest, and felt the impress of a kiss on my then offered lips, did I see the light of day again. I then learnt, that Papa had been watching his Alley for five consecutive minutes, and she totally unaware of his stealthy step behind. I intimated to him my wish to pluck the rose; and, as he seems to think that all my whims and fancies, command immediate attention, according to this self-established precedent, he took my hand, and led me to the spot, from whence my beauty was transplanted by *his* hands, amidst the folds of my tippet. This done, we hastened in doors; the sun having pretty well warmed a silk handkerchief, which had been tied, quaker fashion, over my curly pate; and those identical curls being all on the fidget to escape from

prison, the same dear hands set them at liberty to cool their scorched fibres, in the balmy atmosphere of the conservatory.

On entering, I stood in a state of scented intoxication ; mute with astonishment, at the beauty and taste, which met my sight in this "Flora's bower." Papa enjoyed my delight vastly ; indeed, *my* pleasure is all he seems to seek for—Fond soul !—I must give you a full description of our dwelling ; and you will then better understand its ins and outs. We enter "Alley's Home" through a low iron gateway ; three sides of the grounds are enclosed by iron railings, and to the back of the house by a range of out-offices. We drive up a straight avenue, and then turn either right or left of a grass-plot—this leading us under the portico.

We ascend a flight of Chunar-stoned steps, and enter the vestibule, (which is likewise Chunar stoned) by three door-ways. Three corresponding doors lead us into the drawing-room, on entering through which, our heads brush against sky-blue curtains of damask, looped aside by plated clasps. Opposite these doors are three arches ; China transparencies over these, screen the dining-hall beyond. Doors, to the right and left of the vestibule, lead us into the conservatory and library ; and from each of these apartments there are out-lets to the compound, on a line with the portico. Two verandahs, with China sheds, are on either side of the conservatory and library, with glass doors opening on them.

Next the conservatory is my room ; and an opposite one, next to the library, is Papa's sanctum, which I have not yet visited. Beyond the dining-hall are two rooms : one is the breakfast parlour and the other a pantry ; both having steps leading out into the grounds. Our respective bath-rooms adjoin these, and our private apartments ; and from thence we ascend the stairs leading to the terrace.

Now I shall *arrange* the house for your understanding. The vestibule has two marble-topped occasionals, with letter salvers on them, and a clock is placed over the middle door. A couple of deer-horn hat-stands, and vestibule chairs complete the furniture of this apartment. The library and conservatory are both marbled. In the former are four corner what-nots, in which are arranged elegantly-

bound volumes; and their top-most shelves holding the busts of Nelson, Wellington, Shakespere and Heber. A magnificent writing-table stands in the centre; and a comfortable cushioned chair rests on a soft hearth-rug, before it. The room is painted green; and the windows are draperied with muslin curtains, fastened with green cords and tassels. A pair of grey marble teapots, with globes on them—a spring couch, covered with green morocco—two chairs, *en suite*,—and a frosted lamp, is all that the library contains.

The doors of each apartment have gothic screens, and these are lined with damask to match the color of the rooms. The dining-hall contains a superb sideboard, surmounted by a no less superb mirror; which reflects its plated burthen with double brilliancy. A long table fills up the centre; and arm chairs, a spring couch, punkahs, and four lustres, gives the finish. The breakfast parlour is, in my estimation, the most cheerful room in the house. It has a table, armless chairs, four corner what-nots, and flower-stands at each window; these are shaded by muslin curtains, festooned with yellow cord and tassels to suit the painting of the room; four argand lamps hang at the corners; centred by a punkah, and the *finale* is, pictures. You do not care to know what is in the pantry, as I shall never take you in there; but I'll introduce you now into our drawing-room. There are four pier tables against the walls, dividing the three arches, and opposite doors; and by the walls between my room, and the conservatory doors, and the corresponding one dividing Papa's room and the library door, are luxurious Venetian couches, lined with blue and silver taboret, *en suite* to all the chairs in the room, and to match the color of the walls. A circular table stands to the right, encircled by a variety of chairs, and bestrewed with vases, albums, &c. A "Broadwood's Grand Square," is situated to the left, semi-circled by small ottomans. A flower-stand, under the centre lustre, luxuriates in a wreath of bright-scented blossoms; four teapots at the corners hold groups of statuary; and lustres, punkah, pictures, pier-glasses, and a superb carpet, sums up the whole; not forgetting myriads of flower-vases, decking the white marble tops of every table in the room, with their gay array.

The conservatory now only remains to be described. It has a marbled floor; a small, entire-grey marble circular table, stands in the centre; and handsome iron-wrought chairs encircle it. The rarest of shade-plants are arranged on four iron-wrought stands; a China lamp descends from the centre beam, beneath which, is perceivable a vase of flowers; emitting the sweetest of scent from its position on the table. \* The walls are white, with wreathes of flowers painted thereon; rose-colored curtains shade the windows, and stained glass doors make up the *finale*.

Here ends my description of "Alley's Home." So, dear Minna, if you cannot wander in idea through it, you must wait till your visit, when you will be independent of my imperfect portraiture, of our dwelling-place.

We have an open country around us; and only one neighbour, a Mr. Cleveland. He comes up every evening to Woodbridge Glen, and leaves daily by the morning's train for Calcutta, where his mercantile duties demand his presence. Papa says, this is an old bachelor; and they were known to each other before.

The town of Serampore is about a mile distant from our dwellings, which are the only two the country at present contains. Some wealthy natives have already begun building. We saw the foundation of several large houses as we rode by last evening; and I dare say, after the lapse of a year or so, we shall have no lack of neighbours.

Papa has made the discovery, that I am not quite merry here; his fond looks compensate for the absence of Minna's, but he says I must miss my merry school-fellows; so he keeps devising never-ending plans for making me cheerful, and resigned to the hard fate of living in a delightful residence, surrounded with every comfort, and having innumerable resources of recreation, at my beck and call.

Do, dear Min, sympathize with my misfortunes! you must have a heart of adamant not to pity me, with such an agreeable companion as Alley's Papa most undoubtedly is. I certainly entertain the unkind wish of making you some day, a sharer of my dismal lot; then I shall be sure of your commiserating my sorrows.

Papa went to Calcutta the day before yesterday, and returned with a laughter-beaming countenance. At dinner



I caught him indulging in a "sly puss" smile, whenever our eyes met; so he set me on a curiosity hunt, to ferret out the hidden mover of his risible muscles, (I must tell you first, that Papa cannot keep a secret; so, never you trust him with any of yours. I know I shan't!) I exercised that model of virtues "patience," until the last dish of dessert had vanished into the pantry; then I said, "a glass of wine with you, Papa, before I go to dress." I poured out his drink—(Brandy pawnee)—and took it round to him. I stood by his chair, and raising my glass so as to shade my eyes from his glance, most demurely exclaimed—"Here's to our noble selves, Papa! next, to our absent friends; and my love to that incorrigible tantalizer, who is secretly preparing some surprise for Alley Belle." "Well done, Alley!" burst on my ear, after this speech. "Pray, who has whispered my plans to you?" "Why, Papa dear, it was Dummy, who made signs to me ever since you returned, and would have me understand, that I was to expect an extraordinary event; yet, the tongue-tied fellow left me, not a bit in advance of my previous ignorance." "And who may this Dummy be?" asked he; "My own dear Papa's smiling phiz," retorted his impudent daughter: "It has been bursting to let me into some mighty secret; but refrained from a doubt as to its continuing a secret, after the revelation. Is it not so, Papa?" "I pronounce you a magician, Miss Alley Belle!" said that young lady's father; "now, go and dress quickly; you deserve to be enlightened on this important secret, and, by the shade of Cicero (his favourite expression), you shall!" This assurance was sealed with a kiss, and off I scampered to dress myself, like an obedient child. Minna, dear! my fingers are tingling with an aching sensation, so I shall reserve the revealment of the surprise, for my next letter. Before I end, I must thank you for the poetical effusion; and will not fail to remember your request, regarding the stray leaves for your portfolio.

Jenny Filbert is my *femme de chambre*. Papa does not approve of native attendants; so he went to the Orphanage, and chose Jenny for me. I like her very well; in fact so much, that I often catch myself doing odds and ends, rather than seek her assistance too often. I hope this

letter will not weary you; I must be more merciful towards those soul-stealers, which are meandering through these lines now; and not enchain their gaze for such a length of time, upon my scribblings.

My love to Sister Rose—I am glad, Minna dear, that you have found this source of pleasure. I know you will appreciate Sister Rose's conversation; her words will not be wasted on the desert air, when Minna May's ears are drinking in every sound of her sweet voice. I will pray for you, and her too; but not without interested motives. I expect to be re-paid with a double portion of supplications in favor of Alley.

Remember me to all at dear Loretto. I would send *you* a kiss, but, who is to give it? Never mind Min—all in reserve!

God bless you.

Most affectionately your's,

ALLEY BELLE.

## LETTER FOURTH.

*Alley's Home, October 7th.*

THIS will reach, *ma chère* Minna, before you can answer my number two packet. I am suffering from a fit of the blues, to-day; which I am going to scare away, by making use of my new gold pen, Papa sent in to me this morning. The first fruits of this "Mordan's everlasting," was an answer to your dream, which I will enclose in my letter, and hope it will be acceptable to my Min;—Now to proceed with yesterday's narrative. What do you think this all-absorbing secret was? Attend, and you shall hear! When I went into the hall, after dressing for our drive, I found Papa still seated where I had left him. "Well, Alley dear!" he remarked, "you are not like the generality of girls; your toilet seems to have very little attraction, for it has not detained you above half an hour. Do you never hesitate between the pattern of a dress, the shade of a ribbon, or the color of a bonnet, before you decide which to

wear?" "Perhaps I should, Papa; but Jenny arranges these matters previous to my adjourning to my room; and each article is handed to me, with such taste and precision, that I have only the trouble of appropriating them to my person. Thanks to you for this eligible waiting-maid." "Take care, Alley, she does not unconsciously make you careless; and I warn you not to depend too much on Jenny's exertions to please her little mistress!" "Never fear, my watchful Papa; you will not have to scold Alley about such matters, believe me, your apprehensions will soon die a natural death." Thus saying, we walked into the library, where he left me, to make a slight alteration in his dress. The carriage had meanwhile drawn up under the portico, and Papa appearing almost immediately, we entered it, and were soon being whirled away from "Alley's Home," over plains, down gullys, until the town was reached, and we caught casual glimpses of the river, through various openings between houses. I could not longer restrain my curiosity, to know what Papa had to tell me; so, by the time we reached the Strand, my hand was locked in one of his, and I began coaxing him, to admit his Alley into the plans he alluded to, after dinner. "I would not tell you now, love, for a great deal of persuasion; because it would lessen half the pleasure I have in store for you. Be satisfied, that I will not long tax your patience." We had returned from our drive, and I was about to enter the house, when Papa asked me to visit the stables with him; thither we bent our steps, and there, the grand secret revealed itself, in the form of a beautiful black Arab—Papa's new purchase, for his daughter's use.

"That horse is yours, dear Alley; and, the best thanks that you can give me, is to mount his back every morning, and let Papa make you a perfect horse-woman. The good Nuns have made you perfect in almost all other respects, and this is the only accomplishment left me to teach my child: a labour of love, to be re-paid, by the pleasure we shall mutually derive, from long rides over the country." Oh, Minna! how pleased I was to view this welcome gift of Papa's; I enjoyed in anticipation the pleasant rides he had just spoken of; and, though I only kissed him for his kindness, *that* was not *all* my heart bid me do. When I was

bending over that pink velvet cushion, at night, I prayed that God would bless all my endeavours to be a good and dutiful child, to this most prodigal of parents; and sincerely will Alley, daily reiterate that petition, at the throne of her Heavenly Father.

Papa rode out this morning, in company with "Black Ned." He was mounted by a jockey, who wore a long skirt; Papa says to try him before he entrusts my neck to his keeping. "Black Ned" belonged to a lady, who sold him on embarking for England; and Papa, seeing the horse advertised, went to Calcutta, bought the animal, and engaged this Jockey to come here, and ride him round the country a few days.

My brain is wild with my new *bijou*; and I fear if not reined immediately, I shall make *my* pleasure an infliction on *your* endurance. So *ma petite Min*, Adieu—*Un mot de réponse, je vous prie*

*Je vous embrassé bien tendrement.*

ALLEY BELLE.

MY DARLING MIN,

PAPA called in a vendor of Cuttack Jewellery whilst I was engaged writing; and he sent me in a box of trinkets, with a message to choose what I liked. I selected a couple of chains, with pendant crosses; for which I have bestowed the usual tribute of thanks, and told him, at the same time, that one was for you.

Here it goes, Minna; together with this note, in a little box. My first epistle has been despatched to the Post, and as a servant is going by the train, to bring my Riding-habit from the Milliners, he will convey this parcel to the Convent. If you have not a long letter ready, pray write me a short one, just to enlighten me on the subject of your health.

Blessings attend you, my dear Minna,

Pray for

ALLEY BELLE.



## DREAMS.

What are the visions that haunt us in sleep?  
 What is their mission? whence do they come?  
 Why do they taunt us with joys that are gone?  
 Why do they vanish, and leave us to weep?

Dreams! Dreams! treacherous dreams!  
 Oft to our mind, bright scenes ye pourtray;  
 Many a sorrowful heart is then gay,  
 Care-bedimmed eyes, with gladness then beam.

Yet, they are tempered by sorrow withal,  
 Those that are living, they show us as dead;  
 Many a tear, in dreams do we shed,  
 Drink from sham cups, embittered with gall.

Dreams! Dreams! fanciful dreams!  
 How they delude us, frail mouldings of clay;  
 Tempt us with joys, then soon flit away,  
 Scare us with woes, which reality seems.

Many dear faces in visions we view,  
 Faces—when wakeful, our sight doth evade;  
 How sad do we feel, to think these could fade,  
 And find, that those visions we cannot renew.

Dreams! Dreams! unaccountable dreams!  
 Oft inconsistent the pictures ye show;  
 Puzzling our brains—when wishing to know,  
 What all their strange contrariety means.

Solace of sadness! companions of rest!  
 Bring ye sorrow or peace, ye are welcome to me;  
 In dreams do I wander, beloved with thee,  
 I see *thy* dear face; then, “dreams” be thou blest.

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## LETTER FIFTH.

*Loretto House, October 8th.*

MY DEARLY-LOVED ALLEY,

YOUR packet number two, came to hand yesterday. Wading through its contents, and retracing parts of your picture of "Alley's Home," whiled away all my recreation hour. So I passed the remainder with Sister Rose; and, 'tis almost needless my adding, that I derived great pleasure from my visit to her cell. If you will allow me to be poetical, dear Alley, I shall say of Sister Rose—

She treats me kindly—gently,  
Speaks in sweet sounding tones;  
*These* are the few bright treasured hours,  
My saddened heart now owns.

Your fragment on dreams is really very good. Be assured of its position in my portfolio being secured for the term of my existence; and I hope, ere that draws nigh, to receive several additions from your poetical store. So, Jenny Filbert is your *femme de chambre*? Tell her, Minna May desires an affectionate remembrance. I recollect seeing her at the Orphanage, and I liked her demeanour then; she has a sweet, placid countenance, and is no less a good girl. I am pleased to hear she is with you. Your explanation of the "railway weariness," is very satisfactory; and I am not ashamed to repeat those words. "mind-weary I felt,—dear Alley you're right."

I have been encouraging a distant hope of seeing this Home of yours; and I doubt not, ocular demonstration will enhance the beauties of this now pictured fairy land.

But, Alley, your drawing materials seem to be lying idle; why not bring them into requisition, for the purpose of giving Minna, a more definite idea of "Alley's Home?"

You do not say a word about your daily avocations or pastimes. Suppose your next letter brings me this intelligence? I wish to hear what duties have devolved upon you; and how they are performed. I fear your *penchant*

for writing, monopolises all your leisure hours ; and that a certain pair of black twinklers, have as yet only rested on the exterior of those lozenge glass panes.

In Yankee tongue "I calculate," that "Mordan's everlasting" is preferable to cumbersome volumes ; though "I guess," not half so entertaining.

Your love and kisses have been disburthened on the persons you mentioned, and I have been re-loaded with the same quantity for you. I had a bad headache last evening, which depressed me a good deal ; I am free from it now, and otherwise well.

God grant you are the same, dear Alley ; may He bless you, and your Father, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate friend

MINNA MAY.

*P. S.—J'ai reçu votre lettre, ma bien bonne amie, et ce qu' l'accompagnoit ; je vous envoie à mon tour, mille et mille remerciemens pour votre joli et riche cadeau. Agréez de rechef l'expression de ma reconnaissance qui, quoique bien vive ne peut rien ajouter à l'amitié, de*

MINNA.

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## LETTER SIXTH.

*Alley's Home, October 15th.*

MY DEAR, DEAR MINNA

I CAN scarcely credit it ! A week gone bye, and the Post Office has not been entrusted with the transmission of a single packet to Loretto House ! I wonder if they have missed the *veritable* cream-laid envelopes to Miss May's address ! I should certainly offer more than a penny for their thoughts on the subject. But, Minna ! my curiosity anent this matter, extends still further ; and, I would stake numberless kisses thereon, to have it gratified from the lips of "*une chère petite amie*," now sleeping, in a certain dormitory, far, far away. But, as my kisses

are minus wings, they cannot fly; so, Alley may wonder what Minna thinks of her silence; and Minna may conceive an infinity of ideas regarding it: the thoughts of either heart will not be developed, until — Really, Min! my “Mordan’s everlasting” is a model of gold pens—won’t mark its own praise! I wonder if indignation at belied worth has part in its unwillingness? But, it shall finish my sentence; go on, my pen; Alley’s fingers shall proclaim your praise! Be not uninteresting; else, she will relax their hold on your agate handle, and re-place it by one of those ponderous tomes from yonder shelf. Proceed—I bid thee! ask Minna—how should those secret springs be opened, until the magic touch pressed on it, and released the imprisoned feelings, now struggling in vain to be free? Glide on—thou stigmatised commodity—

My golden pen, thou stamper of my thought,  
 Defend thy cause, and to dear Minna say,  
 ‘The interest which in books, last week I sought,  
 Lent no such pleasure, as thou dost to-day.  
 Call her an ingrate—tell her ’tis not thou,  
 Who is preferred, when Alley sits to write;  
 Say—that the magnet which attracts me now,  
 Is Minna May—not thou, my pen so bright.  
 Run lightly on—fear not—thou’rt steered by me,  
 Ask this detractor of thy spotless fame,  
 The past week’s rest, which she obtained for thee,  
 Is Minna willing to renew again?  
 Bid her believe—if so, thou’lt gladly lie,  
 Within thy pearly satin tube-like case,  
 Then Alley ’neath those lozenge panes will spy,  
 And Min may wait—leave not thy resting-place.  
 Mark me, my pen! She’ll soon apologize,  
 And claim thy help, and interest in her cause;  
 Ah! “Mordan’s everlasting” then she’ll prize,  
 Now, Alley thinks, her pen in rhyme must pause.

I suppose you have solved the enigma of my week’s silence? Thanks to my unentertaining gold pen! But, in case dulness of comprehension is keeping you in ignorance still, I must tell you in simple language, that I refrained

from writing, because I wished to bring home to Minna's heart the injustice of her condemnatory remark against the frequent use of my pen. I passed a very pleasant week, dear Min, notwithstanding the self-imposed penance of avoiding my pretty desk; where my favorite pastime recurred to my memory.

It was *not* the remembrance of Minna May, that attracted me towards my writing apparatus—never harbour *such* an idea! quite an improbability, I assure you! There now—those “soul-stealers” are at their watery work again! How often will you bathe your cheeks, Minna—have not your ablutions been already performed? Silly Girl! dry your tears now, I shall draw unsparingly from those azure fountains bye and bye. Come—be cheerful, and follow Alley through her daily routine of duties.

Jenny, you must know, sleeps by my side on a field bed. Though Papa has a small room, midway of the terrace stairs, fitted up for her, with every useful requisite, she prefers sharing my room at night.

Well—We set an alarum to arouse us at five every morning. I am up, and after my devotions, dressed for a ride before many minutes elapse; then I resign myself to the training process on black Ned's back. We generally return by seven o'Clock; Jenny has our refreshing draughts ready, *viz.*, Cocoa or Coffee, to which we add a Biscuit, or sweets. This partaken of, I change my riding-habit for a Jaconet wrapper, and superintend the cleaning of the furniture; after which the stores are given out for the day's consumption, and having ascertained that my orders for our breakfast are being carried out, I retire to my room, where I loiter over books, or pass the time near my desk, until the first bell tolls, to announce Papa's order for breakfast. Jenny's expected footstep is then heard near my door, and her little feet are soon trotting about the room, whilst her busy hands are arranging my day's attire. I am ready, often before the breakfast bell rings, and then I have time to wander about till it summons me to the hall. Of course, I make tea for Papa and myself, and after the exertion of going through the morning's meal, we adjourn to the library, where Papa reads to me, whilst



Alley's fingers keep moving under the influence of ivory needles, silk and lamb's-wool. An hour or more passes away thus; then Papa enters his sanctum, and I lay aside crochet-needles, and either open my Piano for amusement, take a peep at Jenny in her attic, or, finding her in my room, sit down there, to read, work, or write, as the whim takes me.

At one o'clock, the bell rings for tiffin; when that meal has been got through, Papa and Alley both take a siesta in their respective rooms. At three Jenny wakes me up, and then I hold an investigation regarding the probable results of my dinner orders; after which my "digits" are exerted in sundry preparations of puddings, &c., as Papa prefers them made by me. When the first dinner bell rings, I see Jenny's watchful look at bo-peep, through the China screen; and I am under the necessity of advancing towards it. Once beyond its folds, I am victimized near the cheval, and Jenny admits of no escape, until I am accoutred to her satisfaction. I am always punctual in answering the dinner bell, Papa having warned me, that he never waits for idlers. We loiter over the dinner-table till four; when, I leave Papa and his Brandy pawny together, and equip myself with bonnet and mantle, for the evening's drive. Jenny goes with us, and on our return, we either sit out on the verandah, or traverse the garden walks till dusk.

Music or Chess, (the latter, which Papa is teaching me,) or reading for the gratification of this dear parent, whiles away our evenings; during which the tea-tray is brought round for our refreshment. At nine the servants all assemble in the vestibule, and the household keys are delivered to Jenny, who has charge of them; she goes round the house to see that every door and window is safely locked, and the servants disperse homewards. We then assemble in the library, where, a chapter from the Bible, read by Jenny and myself, and a thanksgiving from Papa's dear lips, echoed by all three hearts, closes our daily duties. A blessing and warm shake-hands for Jenny, dispatches her into my room, and I follow her there after the exchange of sweet kisses, and mutual "God bless you."

Within my chamber, some more petitions ascend on high; then I try the influence of those downy pillows over my drowsy eyelids—and, Morpheus reigns, in undisturbed solemnity.

I hope your troublesome acquaintance, the head-ache, has not thought fit to visit your temples again. I was sorry to hear of your suffering, dear Minna; but the conclusion of your letter brought better tidings. We are all three in good health, and very happy—Jenny desires to be kindly remembered to “Miss May,” and Alley sends all that is loving for her acceptance; bidding her believe also in the continued affection of

ALLEY BELLE.

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## LETTER SEVENTH.

*Tuesday, October 17th.*

DEAR MINNA,

I WRITE this to tell you, that Papa intends taking me to Calcutta to-morrow; we will be there by ten, and I shall be left to pass the time with you till three. Won't you give Alley an extra kiss, for preferring to stay with her dear friend, instead of the grand folks Papa is going to visit? Oh, that dear old Convent, I shall dream myself within its walls, and then awake to enjoy the anticipated pleasure of finding myself there, in reality.

Ask Cora Ellis, is she not glad to hear that Alley will soon be near, to pull that dimpled chin of hers? and wait—ask Minna May, whether she will be sorry, when the now-stretched cord of affection, will relax into its original circumference, and draw that lump of mortality, Alley Belle, in oppressive proximity to Minna's heart? I suppose my model virtue—patience,—must raise its warning finger pretty often, ere I can be answered. In the meanwhile, what says Alley? *Continuez, ma plume—je suis votre servante!*

Dear Minna, I am coming,  
 And anxiously I wait ;  
 To ring that old, familiar bell,  
 At our dear Convent gate.  
 Ah then, how fondly I'll look out,  
 Your dear, dear face to see ;  
 And greet those blue, truth-telling eyes,  
 When bent with love on me.  
 And then, to feel that warm embrace,  
 That true heart throb next mine ;  
 When Minna clasped to Alley's breast,  
 Will there her head recline.  
 'Twill not be long ere Alley's ear,  
 That oft-missed voice will hear ;  
 And soon see'll see that face, and form,  
 To Alley's heart so dear.  
 Then will she hear those gentle words,  
 In kindly accents breathed ;  
 Those sounds my memory now recalls,  
 With hopes so fondly wreathed.

" Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—So, dear Minna, my reprehensive attachment to my gold pen, has been indulged quite enough for the Seventeenth of October. Besides, if I keep writing, I shall not have much left to speak to you about. *Entre nous*, Min,—do you believe this ?

This letter goes free of all such, &c., as love and kisses ; Alley having decided upon carrying no end of such sugar plums, to-morrow—

And now I must end, my dear little friend,  
 I hope at Loretto, all's well !  
 To my old Convent home, to-morrow I'll come,  
 For the present excuse

ALLEY BELLE.

P. S.—Jenny accompanies us, and Papa will take her to the Orphanage ; she is to rejoin us in the evening.

A. B.



## LETTER EIGHTH.

*Alley's Home, October 21st.*

I EXPECT, dearest Minna, that fond heart of yours has been ebbing daily from its high flood of expectation; and no scarcity of conjectures have been advanced, on the whys, and wherefores of my not having written, since we met.

If your mind has been troubled on this point, mine has no less undergone distraction on others; and I am now willing to share with my sweet friend, the present consolatory pleasure of greeting her with "kindly words," to atone for the past fortnight's silence.

Did you ever know, dear Min, that black eyes pierce through hidden depths? Perhaps not—and you may ask with reason, why blue or hazel should be deficient in this searching attribute. Well, I am rather doubtful on that question myself, and would rather not venture an elucidation, especially, as I shall have to coin it.

But, Minna! I can tell you, that the light *within* those "black twinklers" helps me to look perspectively toward the spot where my letters, you told me, were read; and I can see it daguerreotyped before me now. A large apartment, lighted and ventilated by rows of lofty windows; ranges of little beds tidily counterpaned, and on one of them is seated, a little body. She has a letter in her hands, which keeps fluttering about, as the breeze flits by its locality, and fans and kisses the girl's soft cheeks. See now! that clear brow contracts, and the lashes droop, so as to conceal the luminous orbs. Think on, girl, whilst I peep into the page that has darkened the lately bright prospect. *De quoi s'agit-il là Mam'selle? Ah! Je m'en souviens fort bien! Voyons.*—"If your mind has been troubled on this point, mine has no less undergone distraction on others."—"Qu'est ce que vous dites Mam'selle? Que veut dire cela?" It means, that Alley has been reading a lesson from a book, every sentence studded with instruments of pain—nay, torture; which have exercised their sharpness on my sense of feeling; and impressed their stamp on the other four, thus deadening their freshness. This book, dear Minna, was compiled by my Mother; not in its literal meaning, but her

life's history, related to me by Papa, some day last week ; together with her writings, which he has lent me to read and ruminate over. These have tended to draw my mind, toward the sad and mournful ; yet, I feel a rush of quiet pleasure at my heart, when I ponder 'midst my *Mother's* heart-sayings ; and, if ever I feel myself undeserving of the love lavished on me by Papa, and you, dear Minna, it is, when I recall the sorrowful tale of Mamma's trials, and sufferings. Oh ! how cruel a lot befel her maiden existence, but God caused her to say :—

“I hear a voice whispering, 'tis the voice of my God ;  
I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod.”

This was *her* consolation, and it is the same balm which now soothes her child's sympathizing heart. The master-hand of the all-wise refiner, passed her through the furnace of afflictions ; she was labelled “good gold,” by him ; and bestowed as a valuable gift on my Father. But, lest he should centre all his thoughts on this rare gift, and overlook the claims of the generous giver ; the Almighty Purifier transferred his treasure into heavenly regions ; and there, she now sheds her pure lustre, 'midst the brightest of heaven's luminaries

I will begin the relation of my Mother's life in my next letter ; that is, dear Minna, under subjection to your wishes. I should not like to infect you with the sadness which has pervaded my spirits, ever since I heard it ; yet, I can almost anticipate your answer to be an affirmative.

That visit to my old home, served me as a fund of happy reminiscences, till I found Papa one day seated at his desk, seeming quite woe-worn, and before him lay a book of manuscript writings, blotted with tears ; he raised his head as I entered, and seeing me hesitate, as to the propriety of my keeping position there ; he stretched his hands, and drawing me within their hold, he said :—“Stay, Alley, you must learn the source of this emotion ; I have often wished to speak to you of it, but I become a coward, when my courage takes the highest standard ; your presence seems God-willed ; and now, that my child has witnessed her Father's tears, her sainted Mother must explain their cause.

Here, darling, keep these by you, and we shall go over these to-night; when, music and chess, I doubt not, will be gladly laid aside, and you shall hear the tale, which I imagine you have long wished, but never asked to be made acquainted with. Now, go and sing; nothing but music, can dispel the strong grasp of sadness which now has hold on me."

To my room I went first; locked up my precious charge, then opened the Piano and sang to Papa, till we were both tired out, and only fit for our beds: thither we went, and slept long beyond our usual hour; evening came, and with its twilight our hearts found sympathy; quiet, and peaceful was all around us; the only flutterers were our own heart-throbs. Shades deepened upon the garden bowers, and warned the two mute occupants of the library verandah, that night was advancing apace. Lights were lit, and with them, my now burning expectation: Papa arose, and laid down on the library couch, where I brought him his tea, and drank mine there, also. "Bring your book, Alley," he said; and the book was placed on the writing table, and I seated myself on the easy chair, next it. Thus, he related the history; and you shall have it—almost *verbatim*, in my next, and next, and following letters. For the present, accept of the enclosed lines from me, and believe me always, yours in love, and sincerity,

ALLEY BELLE.

Thou trusty friend, my bright gold pen!  
Glide smoothly on, and stamp each thought;  
Each word, and wish, unuttered when,  
Dear Minna for this tribute sought.

Run lightly on, and to her say,  
These words are from a friendly heart;  
Which shall beat true till life's last day,  
Though distance keep us far apart.

Tell her—no matter what betide,  
Changes shall never alter me:  
That, time will prove, I can abide,  
A friend—in all sincerity.

draughts shall never be tasted by me ; I am not so silly as to drink from foetid ponds, when I can see a *clear* spring gushing towards me. Read the forty-sixth chapter, in the third book of the "Imitation of Christ"—whenever the shafts of malice are directed at you, remember, "they fly through the air, but hurt not a stone"—I have deferred the promised relation, to my next Epistle ; then, dear Min, I shall write of nothing else but that.

This is your birthday ; I have not forgotten it, and have prayed for you. I read Papa your first letter to me, and asked him if he approved of your suggested improvements, in my room. He said, "I'll think upon it, Alley, and tell you bye and bye."

That bye and bye, seemed daily to be past, and future, but I could never mark its *present* ; so, I banished all hope of hearing Papa's opinion, and therefore could not ask him for the pictures. Last evening he said, "Alley, dear, to-morrow we shall not ride out, as I have engaged that hour for another purpose ; but, do you and Jenny, take a drive in the carriage." I was not sorry to hear this, as I wished to go to Mass, to offer it for you, darling ; so, I communicated my intention to Papa, and accordingly, I gratified my wish this morning—drove into town—spent a happy hour in the little Chapel ; and had the pleasure of speaking to Father Steveson, who came up yesterday by the train. I told him, it was the anniversary of your birthday, and he promised to pray for you also. On my return, Jenny went off to prepare our matutinal drink ; and I, to see where Papa was : I could find him no wheres, and supposing him to have walked out, I turned to my room, to change my dress ; when lo ! there sat my truant Father, on my rose-wood chair. "And what are you doing, pray ?" I asked ; "may Alley know who, or what is preferable to a ride with Papa's daughter ?" "No one, and nothing, you saucy girl ! I only deprived myself of the pleasure of accompanying you, to derive the greater pleasure of pleasing my petted child." And he wound his arm around my neck, and directed my attention to the walls beside my bed ; there hung, suspended by pink cord and tassels, the two pictures I wished for, and beautiful too, they are ; Our Lord and His Virgin Mother ! "May they, whom these



paintings, represent, bless and protect my Alley," said Papa; and imprinting a kiss on my brow, he left me, to think over this additional instance of his indulgent affection. So you see, Minna, that *I* had your birthday gift; and if I ever chance to forget you, these pictures will recall their absent procurator, in holy remembrance to Alley's heart.

I send a "Golden Manual" as a birthday gift; keep it, and—*priez pour*

*Votre sincère*

ALLEY.

*P. S.—Comment vous êtes-vous porté, depuis que je n'ai eu le plaisir de vous voir? Je me porte à merveille! Rappelez moi au souvenir, de Mère Marie Joseph—et Seur Magdalen—Adieu.*

*La vôtre pour toujours,*

ALLEY BELLE.

## LETTER ELEVENTH.

*Loretto House, November 14th.*

MY DEAREST ALLEY,

I HAVE a sad communication to make; our good Sister Rose is no more: another applicant for the "Crown of glory" in Heaven—one less, to suffer the cross of afflictions on earth. She had her share of them, and bore them like a Saint; and now she has gone to receive her reward. Oh! she has suffered very long; that kidnapper of the young and beautiful—Consumption! had laid hands on our dear Sister, before we dreamt of its stealthy step; but, she was resigned to her fate, and you should have seen the holy joy, which used latterly to pervade her countenance, when we spoke of her approaching dissolution. "Bound for thy kingdom," she used to say; "Yes, dear Lord, coming to thee!" When dying, Re-

reverend Mother asked her, "are you glad my child to know you are going? Do the unknown, unheard-of beauties of the Heavenly Jerusalem attract you?" "Attraction! attraction! yes, Reverend Mother," she replied, "Heaven is beautiful, but my attractions are Jesus, and our blessed Mother. I am leaving my dear companions,—but they will come also to join me in the circle of dearer ones." She lay exhausted for a while,—and by evening she was sinking fast; the Sacraments were administered, and she died saying—"Jesus, sweet Lord, I come! Father—I am going to Jesus!" One last, lingering look, at the weeping form of Reverend Mother, and the vital spark was extinct.

I have been very lonely since this event, and miss you more than ever, dear Alley. Mother Thereze asked me if you ever wrote to me; I said you did, frequently; "then tell her from me, that she had better write in French sometimes, as she has no one there, who will keep her in practice, even of speaking; and, I do not relish the thought, that my labour has been bestowed in vain, upon her French lessons." I repeated the talk we had about it when you were last here, and I asked, why you interlarded your English letters with French phrases, instead of writing alternately French and English letters. "Well, what was her reply?" said Mother Thereze—"Why, Ma'am, Alley said, that she does not like the trouble of writing such long letters, in any, but her mother tongue. Her father is a clever French scholar," I added, "and Alley told me, that she reads with him both French and English daily. French seems to be a very fashionable language." I said immediately after—" *Oui, Mam'selle May; toutes les personnes bien élevées parlent français; car c'est une langue fort à la mode.*" I sincerely hope you will not need a reminder from your picture, to waft a thought towards Minna May; though I *do* like the idea of your associating such divine countenances, with the recollection of your unworthy friend.

The "Golden Manual" is a most acceptable gift; and the lines inserted within are very nice: they will be treasured with care and fondness. But, Alley, you are a very perverse girl; why send me so many presents! I forbid you



positively, and you disregarded my wishes; so, I shan't thank you—but

To a very dear friend, my heart doth say,  
For the blessings she sent on my natal day;  
It tenders, most sweet-felt thankfulness,  
And prays that her friend, our God may bless.

Her wishes are treasured with love untold,  
And prized above diamond, silver and gold;  
Words cannot utter, or pen portray,  
*How long in my heart those wishes shall stay.*

To my dear, dear friend, I would fain say more,  
Of happiness wish her a goodly store;  
For an increase of love she but asks in vain,  
The heart's cup is full, and no more can retain.

This fragile leaf, stamped with words so kind,  
Shall be traced indelibly on my mind;  
Though years glide on, *and come what may,*  
*I'll fondly remember this natal day.*

Cora Ellis has done better than what you dictated so savagely; but, she prohibits my enlightening you on the subject. She will tell you all about it *in propria persona*, when you come next.

Your assurance and directions, anent the "pop-guns," have both been duly registered in the memorandum book *up stairs*. A return of remembrances from Mother Mary Joseph, and Sister Magdalen; and love from Cora and myself, greets you *ma chère, chère Allie. Je ne suis pas bien du tout : J'ai un grand mal de tête.—Adieu.*

*Je vous embrassé bien tendrement,*

MINNA MAY.

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*Alley's Home, November 19th.*

MY VERY DEAR MINNA,

So your poor head was aching, when you last wrote to me? I was not surprised in the least to hear of it, subsequent to the news of Sister Rose's death. I attributed your illness to this sorrowful occurrence, knowing, how dear Sister Rose had become to you. I could not help repeating inwardly—and sincerely asked God, "May my last end be like hers." Does not Minna re-echo my wish? I often think, how needlessly we ask favors of God, when we never try to please Him. It is not seldom that I say, "Dear Lord, take my heart!" but, I never try to make it worthy his acceptance. And yet I feel, that He regards with love, even that incomplete offering; for I find myself detecting many of my hitherto overlooked failings. This must surely be God's doing! Oh, I know "He is very good! truly long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy." Just think, Minna; if we love a person, and that one offends us, how soon we are angered: if that one slights us in the least how long do we take to forgive; but if that one *turns against* us entirely, how soon does our love change to hate, and do we not try to injure that one, to the utmost extent of our power? How very different with God: Oh! Minna, He must love us beyond conception. See, how patiently He bears with our ingratitude; neglect; and, what is worse, wilful defiance of His commands. Yet, in the midst of all our sinfulness, if we turn for a moment to Him, and ask Him, in spirit, and in truth to help us, even then, He hears us; and though we forget Him soon after, *that* prayer is registered in Heaven, and when *we* see no means of escape, He sends us release.

I was comparing my love for you, and His for us all, Minna! When you used to write about Sister Rose, I sometimes felt a pang of jealousy: "Perhaps she may learn to love her a great deal; then, Alley will be forgotten." Such were my thoughts; and I felt very bad when they obtruded on my mind. What then must He feel, who created and redeemed us; Who guards us daily—nay hourly? What must He feel, when we forsake such

love as His, for the love of His enemy? He gave His life for us; and we cause that precious blood to flow in vain. The Devil seeks our dearly-bought souls; and we rush into destruction with open eyes: still divine love prevails; and one grasp of the Almighty hand, saves the worm, which He could have crushed in a moment.

Sister Rose was good and holy, and I dreaded her influence over your heart—I, who am but a speck, where *she* shone as a lustrous star. The Devil is the father of all iniquity; and how can we live under the conviction, that God sees us, and dives into the inmost depths of our hearts; witnessing our preference for Satan and his works? Oh, Min! I feel so unhappy under the influence of such thoughts; I shall never relish the pleasures of the world, so long as my dear Mother's history rests on my mind; and I am mistaken if it is not traced there in indelible characters.

I have already asked God to make my heart a fit offering for him. I never wish to love any fellow-creature more than the supreme author of my being. No, never! the fullest capacity of my affection now aspires to Divine love; and others will be regarded in a subjectory measure. Mamma's fearful idolatrous affection is a warning to her child: believe me, Minna, I have grown old in feeling, since I have read her writings, and known the cause of Papa's subdued manner. He loved her also, beyond bounds; and God punished him, by removing his idol. Hear of her heart's doings, and then you will fathom my premature fears.

I have been tacking rhymes again; and you shall have the benefit of them, before I begin to write about my Mother.

Here is an ode to *his* Satanic Majesty,

The Tempter! none are from his temptings, exempt;  
To thwart his temptations 'tis hard to attempt;  
But try at the moment to think of the Cross,  
The gilded temptations will prove naught but dross.

The Tempter's allurements are varied and sure,  
And those who are thoughtless he'll strive to allure,  
But turn to the Saviour, His banner uplift!  
With the Cross for thy shield, send the Tempter adrift.

So Mother Thereze still includes "mad-cap Alley" in her vigilant guard, over her French scholars! *Assurez-la de mon amité.* Byc the byc, Minna, should you see Father Steveson, and have an opportunity of speaking to him; tell him I ensure him a hearty welcome at "Alley's Home," should he favor us with a call, when next at Serampore. I must not loiter over trifles any further; but, Minna, my heart aches, and flutters so wretchedly, when I cast eyes on my poor dear Mamma's manuscript, that I almost repent having promised to add them to her life's history. I give it in my own words—excuse imperfections.

ALLEY.

END OF PART FIRST.

## PART SECOND.

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### CHAPTER I.

*"Come listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear :  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor will you blush to shed a tear."*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ALINE ROCHFORD was my mother's maiden name. She was the eldest of two daughters, whose parents were poor, but respectable.

Mr. Rochfort died when these girls had scarcely immersed into womanhood ; and not having had an abundance of "filthy lucre," they were obliged to break up their neat, comfortable dwelling, and exchange it for lodgings better adapted to their slender means. Olivia Rochfort was a gentle creature : patience was her predominant virtue ; and a passive submission to the will of others, was with her a *very* fault. Harshness she could not brook ; and rather than incur ill-will, or cause any altercation, she would yield to any thing not actually wrong.

Aline, my mother, was very different : impatience, her predominate failing ; warm-hearted to a degree, her life would be considered no sacrifice, if given for those *she* loved ; but, for *those* who *loved her* in return, she could *never* do *too* much ; never be grateful enough. Piety was innate to both sisters, with this difference ; Aline feared God through love ; Olivia loved God, and feared more. To Olivia, Jesus was a *Redeemer*, and, as such, claimed her dutiful love : to Aline, our Sweet Lord was a familiar friend ; and none but her own heart knew, *how* dearly (though inefficiently) she loved Calvary's Divine Sufferer.



My grandmother was a delicate woman ; and the change of life told soon on her constitution. She wasted away gradually ; notwithstanding all the little nourishments her devoted children daily procured for her, even at the cost of many personal comforts ; and within a year, Aline and Olivia were entirely orphaned.

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## CHAPTER II.

*“ Deem not the just by Heaven forgot,  
Though life its common gifts deny ;  
Though, with a crushed and bleeding heart,  
And spurned of man—he goes to die :  
For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbers every bitter tear ;  
And Heaven’s long years of bliss shall pay,  
For all, His children suffer here.”*

BRYANT.

THROWN on their own resources, with only their small pension to subsist on, they had to struggle very hard to keep themselves decently. Aline felt this trial deeply ; more so on account of her sister, whom she loved, with all the intensity of her affectionate heart. *She* could rough it out ; bear the privations to which they were now subjected ; work for their maintenance, rather than seek from nominal friends a begrudged assistance. But that gentle sister—so sweetly enduring each successive trial ! How long would *she* stand them ? No ! Aline was the eldest, and had a greater right to labour for their wants : *she* would do it. Olivia must rest on *her* stronger arm, and—Oh ! how fondly would it support the beloved sister.

They were both young, between sixteen and eighteen ; neither of the strongest frame, or in sound health.

They were not handsome—not *even* pretty ; but both different, in the possession of simple, mild features ; both very loveable.

The sisters agreed to sell off all the valuables they possessed, except their Piano. They removed into private



lodgings, and advertised for music, and singing scholars Mr. Rochfort had spared no expense for the education of his daughters; and had even stinted himself to procure them the advantage of every accomplishment.

Olivia had a sweet voice, which had been highly cultivated; this, now availed her in need, and she undertook to teach singing, despite Aline's strenuous objections; who, at last reluctantly yielded, under the condition that Olivia was to desist, if the least impaired in health.

There was soon no lack of pupils; for though their Father's associates had slighted the orphan sisters, no sooner did they find, that their *services*, in the *musical* line, were available, than—"O, by all means;" said one, "send Jane from the First; Miss Rochfort is unquestionably a first-rate player."

"Fanny and Rosey, can go to the Misses Rochfort," remarked another, "If they will sing like Olivia, and play like her sister, I shall be well re-paid for the expense."

And so, Jane went; and Fanny and Rosey followed; together with Sarah, Annie, Mary and Julia; all little Misses, striving with applaudable zeal to play like dear Aline, and sing like that pet Olivia. Thus, a year passed away, and the sisters were treading the same pathway; no pleasant by-roads having yet appeared, to induce their turning.

During her Father's lifetime, my Aunt had been engaged to a young soldier officer, who rejoiced in the name of Henry Mannering: he was with his regiment, in the Upper Provinces, and they heard from him frequently. My mother had her doubts, regarding the continuance of Mr. Mannering's love for Olivia, after their descent in life; but she kept these thoughts to herself, and never even allowed her sister to suspect their existence.

At last a letter came from Henry Mannering, announcing his return to the City of Palaces. "I shall soon be with you, Olivia," he wrote, "and hope to find you well and happy; but above all prepared to sing me into love again, for I am sadly out of tune." This paragraph struck Alley, and she felt a strange misgiving as to the future happiness of her cherished sister; yet, still were these ideas confined to her own breast.

Olivia was rejoiced; she aroused herself, and prepared to welcome her lover with her wonted love. *His* favourite songs were practised daily; and the children were elated with the promise of assisting at an amateur concert when Mr. Mannering should arrive. *He* was to arrange all; she would make *him* join with his flute accompaniments; and *how* pleased he would be to hear *her* scholars sing so nicely. Poor, deluded girl! *she* never dreamed of luke-warm love and faithlessness, when her plans were being promoted!

It was in the beginning of January, that the intimation of her lover's return was received; the twenty-second had arrived, and it was Olivia's birth-day; yet no tidings of the expected one. "He must be on his way," said Olivia, "and did not think it necessary to write. Perhaps, he has purposely kept me in the dark as to the probable time of his arrival, just to surprise me with the sudden light of his dear face."

"Most likely," was Aline's laconic response; "but Olive, dear," she added, "see if this will compensate in some measure, for the absence of that shining light of yours!" And she placed in Olivia's hand some lines, saying—"read them at once, dear one; your eyes may be dazzled by and by, and my labour will have been spent in vain; 't was one of fondest love, Olley, read it; I am impatient for the reward—As many sweet honey-drops, as those dear lips can refreshen mine with."

My sister dear, no gift have I,  
To give, on this thy natal day;  
But many a fond, and ardent wish,  
That God may bless thee—thus I pray.

Need I recount, all I desire?  
'Tis useless—*thou* should'st know my heart;  
Of every bliss this earth can yield,  
I wish for thee a goodly part.

May all the days that God hath willed,  
My sister in this world should stay;  
Be fraught with health, wealth, joy to her,  
Increasing on each natal day.

May thou be happy in thy love,  
 For him whose wife ere long thou'lt be ;  
 Should kindly wishes e'er prevail,  
 Then, mine in life shall be with thee.

Together may'st thou share each joy,  
 That wedded hearts can bring to thee ;  
 One simple tribute, then I'll ask,  
 When thou art happy, think of me.

And the lines were read, whilst Aline stood behind Olivia's chair, with loving arms around her neck : kiss after kiss was exchanged ; and tears were shed, and wiped off by tender hands.

They were sadly happy—those lonely travellers in the “wide, wide world.” Sad in their bereavement ; happy in their companionship.

Poor—yet rich with the wealth of contentment ; weak—yet strong in their mutual love. Orphans, but God was their Father ; friendless, but Jesus was their familiar : deprived of a Mother's care, Mary guarded them from her celestial sphere ; and oh ! they saw not the hosts of bright Angel eyes, watching over those kindred spirits, bound for their kingdom.

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### CHAPTER III.

*“ I feel, I feel this breaking heart,  
 Beat high against my side !”  
 From her white arm, down sank her head,  
 She shivered, sighed, and died.*

DAVID MALLET.

JANUARY had taken leave of absence for eleven months, and had already substituted February, yet no signs of Henry Mannering. My Mother and Aunt were both uneasy—“*what* could have delayed him ?” was their constant mental interrogation. Aline was miserable ; her

Olley was looking pale. "Do you think he has been joking with you, dear Olley?" asked she! "May be, he wished to find out if you would be glad to see him again, and purposed setting out *after* the receipt of your answer." "Then, thank goodness I wrote to him more tenderly, this last time," was the rejoinder; she leaned back, and was soon immersed in a cloud of thought. All at once, she turned to Aline, who was busy writing. "Alley," she said, "you don't like my Henry; won't you try and love him, for my sake?" "To be sure I will, Olley, in answer to your last request; but your first supposition is incorrect. I have had no cause to dislike Henry, though I shall certainly *hate* him, if he keeps you waiting much longer. Sing to me, dearest, whilst I copy this music."

This last desire was expressed, to stop the course of Olivia's now flowing tears; my Aunt went to the Piano, and began singing, when a letter was brought in to Aline, bearing the mark of Henry Mannering's station. "That's for obliging me, darling," said my Mother; rising from her seat, and depositing the letter on the Piano keys.

"From my Henry! from my Henry!" ejaculated the now delighted girl, as she tore open the envelope, and read. "But what is this—Allahabad! Merciful Heaven! Aline."

"What is the matter Olley? Olley!—will you speak or not? Do you hear me? What *has* that wretched man written? Olley—dear Olley, speak!"

No answer. There sat that cherished sister—a frigid statue; letter in hand, staring at every thing, and nothing.

Aline stood by, wishing to seize the letter, and inform herself of the cause of this fearful anguish; but, she feared, lest reason would be extinct in that now vacant mind, by the least breath of impatience. Cautiously she sat down on the same stool, and put her arm gently around her Sister's waist, and drew one of Olivia's round her own neck.

"Olivia," she whispered—and tears bedimmed her sight. Oh! that was an agonizing moment; how long would it last? And, an earnest prayer took its flight to Heaven.

"Take relief to the petitioner," God said; "she must be strengthened for greater trials!"



The mandate went forth; and a host of saintly souls, prepared to execute it.

This was in Heaven.

"My God! my God! O Alley!"—and the weary head sank on the fond Sister's neck.

"Alley! God *has* forsaken me." And she slid down to the floor; rested her head on Aline's lap—and wept. Such tears as *loving hearts alone* can weep.

This was on Earth.

Mighty was the strength of grief which now bore down, and nearly crushed these children of sorrow. Olivia was put to bed senseless of her wrongs; unconscious that a wounded heart was bleeding over a broken one. She had wept herself into exhaustion, but not a syllable had escaped her lips, in elucidation of her grief. At last her sobbings were hushed; and Aline bent down to soothe her with kisses—she heeded them not.

"Father of Mercy!" burst from the afflicted girl; "she has fainted."

And confusion ensued: help was called in—a doctor summoned—the life blood resumed its natural course; and Olivia Rochfort slept, under the influence of a powerful draught. The doctor was a feeling man—a plain-spoken man—in short, a proper sort of a man. He staid by the sufferer until the narcotic had taken effect; next, he turned to the scarce less-suffering Sister.

"Miss Rochfort," he solemnly said; "this is a very serious case. That gentle being has run her race here—nerve yourself to part with her; the Almighty will soon claim His own; no earthly physician can restore a broken heart. Turn to the Highest, my dear young lady; He alone has power to heal. You may think me unfeeling, but *I* consider it kindness to tell you, what is needless hiding for a while only. She was your friend here—your only companion: forget not *the Friend*, to whose dwelling she is fast approaching; do nothing that will bar His gates upon you, and shut out all hopes of meeting your loved One there. This is an old man's advice—adhere to it, and may God bless you, poor child!"

The chord was touched gently—the vibration was short-lived—Aline Rochfort! was the sound in accordance to

your sensitive heart? Yes! for its last echo, entoned *prayer*—

A darkened room! a curtained bed!  
A sleeping form! a kneeling girl! —

Too much heart-work here—let us close the scene. “He whom the Lord loves, he chastens.” Aline has buried her life’s companion! the gentlest of Sisters is in her grave. Oh! Aline Rochfort! even *then* if some passing spirit stopped to whisper

“Love thy God, and love *Him* only,  
And thy breast will ne’er be lonely;  
In that One, great spirit meet,  
All things mighty, grave and sweet.

Vainly tries the soul to mingle,  
With a being of *Its* kind;  
Vainly, hearts with hearts are twined  
For the deepest, still are single.”

After Olivia’s death, my Mother took out that memorable letter. ’Twas a burning brand to her; it scorched her every sense; still she read on; and indelibly was each word engraved on the bereaved one’s heart. Henry Man-  
nering wrote:—

“Olivia Rochfort, I am now a married man. When I was alone, I thought I loved you; but Clemence DeLange proved it to be an egregious mistake. She is now my wife, and sings like a *Prima Donna*; I met her at Lady De Vere’s Soirées; the Syren wove her spell instantaneously, and Henry was no longer *yours*. I suppose you will soon be reconciled to this changed state of affairs; at all events, *you* can always find a successor to

“HENRY MANNERING.”

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## CHAPTER IV.

*"No strength of our own or goodness we claim,  
We have but to plead in our Saviour's dear name ;  
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power—the Lord will provide."*

NEWTON.

SIX months have lapsed into oblivion ; where shall we now find Aline Rochfort ?

She has left Calcutta, and is now with kind friends at Darjeeling. That good old Doctor has been her best friend: *he* first read the advertisement for a Governess ; "one, to whom home was a greater object than emolument." *He* first conceived the idea, that change of scene would benefit his *protégé* ; *he* obtained the place for Aline, and defrayed all her expenses. Then *he* never did good by halves ; no, not *he* ! The dear old man wrote a private account of Miss Rochfort's past and present condition ; and claimed as personal favours, any that would be shown to her, by Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

And not only had they remembered the Doctor's wishes, but Aline had won the regard of her employers ; and little Katie and Nelly could not do any thing, without the help of "Alley dear." "I loving her, Mamma," Katie remarks ; "and I too, 'Tatie ; se's so dood !" was little Nelly's rejoinder. "We have been very fortunate, my dear, in securing Miss Rochfort for our darlings ; I am glad they appreciate her," said the father. "You should hear Ritherdon and Belle, talk about our Governess ! I expect, between the two, she will have no peace, till persuaded, that 'Rochfort,' is not a proper name to hold for life."

"Indeed, then ! I will not thank either, for their trouble ; I have no desire of losing Aline so soon. Why, she has only been four months with us ! I think your fears are groundless, Stephen ; Mr. Belle has long ago foresworn the matrimonial noose, and as for Mr. Ritherdon—*he*, I am sure, would never stoop to marry a poor Governess ! What *would* his purse-proud relatives say ?"

"*That's* no business of ours, my dear ; but, I can assure you, he is in a fair way of balancing 'pride,' and 'riches;' with 'poverty,' and 'intrinsic worth;' and I'll be bound to say, that the last overbalances. Yet, we must not despair; it rests with the owner to bestow *her* property in the keeping of Frank Ritherdon: she may not even let him weigh her in his scales, and we can keep our Governess, with all the selfishness adherent to human nature."

And Aline, where was she all this while?

Follow me to a large room: a circular table stands in the centre; books and papers are strewed thereon; a portfolio lies open on a side, and seated before it, is "the Governess" She is writing—what? Let's see!

"'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of notice: that Jesus Christ came to save sinners; of whom, *I* am the chief.'

"'Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be great.'

"Jesus, dear Jesus! by that sacred name,  
My heart with hopes of mercy is inspired;  
Thou, who to save the chief of sinners came,  
Forgive my sinful ways, by recklessness acquired.

Jesus, sweet Jesus! through that blessed name,  
Unuttered graces, those who ask, receive;  
Our God has promised—none shall plead in vain,  
Who go through Jesus, He will them relieve.

Jesus, loved Jesus! with thy hallow'd name,  
Upon my guilty lips, a boon I crave;  
I come through Jesus, pardon to obtain,  
Ere I sink unforgiven in the grave.

Jesus, my Saviour! for Thy treasured sake,  
May God forgive my faithlessness to Him;  
O aid me! every folly to o'ertake,  
Assist a sinner, to avoid more sin.

Jesus, good Jesus! unto Thee I come,  
That all my mourning, may be turned to joy;  
Lead me, my Saviour, to that peaceful home,  
In Heaven above—where grief can ne'er annoy.

Jesus, blest Jesus! Thou my only Friend,  
 O take my heart, and make it all thine own;  
 Hear thou my prayer—repentantly I bend,  
 Cleanse my poor soul, its stains to Thee are known."

Whilst she continues writing, we'll go to the window;  
 Katie and Nelly are playing beside it, with Dolly.

"Well, Nelly! do you love your Dolly?"

"Yes, very muss!"—"And Katie, is Dolly your pet also?"

"I loving Alley better."

"Why?" "Betause Ma' loving dood children, and Alley  
 mating me be very dood."

"And Nelly, are you learning to be good also?"

"Yes, I *trying*! Alley teaching me. Before, I say—I  
 playing with water; go in the sun; beating Dolly, if Ma'  
 not give me ginger-bread. I not saying that now; do I,  
 Alley dear?"

"You're a good child now; so is Katie. Good children  
 should try to forget naughty sayings; then, God will make  
 them remember *His* words, which are 'full of sweetness  
 and truth.'"

The pen had dropped from Aline's hand; and by this time,  
 the children are on either side of her chair. All three had  
 mounted "Hobby Horses."

"What are little girls made of, Katie?"

"Sooder and spice; and all dat's nice, Alley dear!"

"What taste has sugar, Nelly?"

"O, Alley dear; *you* not knowing?"

"I wish you to tell me, darling."

"Sweet, of tose!" and the child looked in wonderment.

"And Katie, do you know what spices are?"

"Yes, yes, Alley! I seeing in Ma's bots."

"Is the smell nice?" "O very nice, Alley dear! spessly  
 the cinnamon."

"Well, then! sugar is sweet, and spice is scented;  
 and little girls are made of these—do you wish to know  
 more, about all that's nice, darlings?"

"Yes, Alley dear! we liting to hear you say new things,"  
 replied Katie.

"Very well, listen to me! When any sweet, and good  
 things are made, spices are put in, to make them smell nice,

and to preserve the goodness, so long as the things last. God made little girls sweet—that is, He meant, all their words and actions should be good, and tasteful to Him, as well as to Papa and Mamma, and all around them. But this sweet would not last long without the spice of God's love; and he put it into every little girl's heart, to keep them nice, so long as they live. Remember—Katie and Nelly; if you throw away the spice of God's love, you will no longer have a pleasant scent; for the sweet that is in you will quickly turn sour, and nobody will like to be near you."

It is a lovely picture—that young sad being, in her sable garb; and those two pearly dew-drops, nestling close, and gazing into her mild blue eyes, from their own tear-glistening ones.

"We *will* be dood," said both. And tiny arms are around her neck—and Aline's eyes are suffused, as she yields to the caresses of her infant charge.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene changes. Mr. and Mrs. Gray are seated together.

"What has happened to Mr. Belle, Stephen? I hope he is not ill!"

"Ill, my dear! what makes you think so?"

"Why, his prolonged absence. I never have known him to keep away so long, especially of late; he seldom missed a week to pay us a visit, and 'tis more than a fortnight now, since his hat and stick were placed in the accustomed corner."

"Well, it *does* seem strange! I'll call and see him to-morrow."

Aline Rochfort had begun a journal, since her coming to the Grays. There it is, on her little table, next to her Bible and Manual. She has finished her duties, and is now asleep.

Open the book—let us begin from this page.

*"September 11th.*

"Arose early this morning; went to church with my pets. Usual routine of duties. Received a letter from

Mr. Belle. Does not wish me to tell my friends, that I have refused his offer of marriage. Foolish man! as if I do not appreciate his feelings; and will make him uncomfortable, just for loving me. He does not know Aline Rochfort—but, who does? Who ever did?

“Wrote and told him so: begged him to believe that I *did* love him; assured him, that I had many compartments in my heart, and a sisterly regard for George Belle filled one. Thanked him for his tender of good wishes; would not obliterate them from my memory. Kind soul! I am sure he has discovered my secret: how delicately he wishes me ‘the wealth of a loving heart, even such as his; to fill the place he had aspired to.’ Ah! he does not know, that Aline’s heart has but *one centre* compartment, and that is filled up, every nook and corner, with the engraving of *one* name. The wealth of millions of hearts, could not now erase the love of Frank Ritherdon from mine! Aline Rochfort may love many Mr. Belles but to her, there *can* be, but *one* Frank Ritherdon! Oh! why was he kind to me? why did he treat me with such tenderness? or rather, why did my love-thirsty heart, open its centre compartment to one, who may never enter?

“Be still—be still my troubled heart!

All thy wild throbbings quell;  
Thy loved one always can be thine,  
In friendship’s links, as well.

Let no vague thoughts of future bliss,  
Into thy precincts creep;  
Disperse them! else, perchance I may  
In greater sorrow weep.

’Tis vain, indeed—my frail fond heart,  
To love him otherwise;  
But check its high, o’erflowing tide,  
Before waves higher rise.

He must not see thy centre cell,  
And learn, his name is there;  
My heart! my heart! close up the door,  
And guard that name with care.



"I shall pray now, and then hie me to bed: My taper  
waxeth dim,

"Die out, little candle; aye, flicker and pine!  
So have paled many lights that were brighter than  
thine;  
Thou may'st burn little longer, but thus with my  
breath,  
Thy flame I extinguish—thus, my hopes lie in death.

"ALINE ROCHFORT."

## CHAPTER V.

*"A sweet attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by look,  
Continual comforts in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospel book!  
I trow that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."*

SYDNEY.

MONTHS have gone by since we read that page of Aline's journal; and we find the Governess still at her post. Mr. Belle has resumed his weekly visits; and dispelled all Mrs. Gray's fears of losing her invaluable Aline Rochfort, by announcing himself as her adopted brother. "You know, Mrs. Gray," said he, "I have no one in this world; and not being disposed to marry, I could not choose a better and more affectionate sister, to love, than Aline; and I hope she may need no other friend, until she is married; so long as George Belle lives to be her's."

Winter has set in, and it is Christmas Eve: Katie and Nelly are in a fever of excitement. "Won't you tum to bed, Alley dear?" asked Katie; "Nelly and me"—"Do not say me, darling; Nelly and I; or Nelly and myself." "Well then!—Nelly and myself going just now, and we not talking at all; but tovering our faces, and sleeping till Trismis morning. Won't you tum also, Alley?" "No



dear ; I am not going to sleep till we return from midnight Mass ; but I will be with you till you are sleeping sound, and we shall all three first kneel down and thank God, for sending the Infant Jesus to live and die for us."

"Jesus was a Baby to-day, Alley dear?"

"Yes, Katie ; a little Baby. He was born to-day ; and not in a comfortable room like this, but in a stable ; besides, His Holy Mother had to bear many hardships with her Infant Son."

"And, Alley ! to-morrow his birth-day ?" said Nelly ; "I so glad ! I wish I did see little Jesus ; I would ask Holy Mary to put her Baby in my lap, and I tiss Him, and love Him so muss ! Would se let me, Alley ?" "Yes, dear Nelly ; our Blessed Lady would certainly have let you kiss her Divine Infant ; though, I cannot answer for Her putting Him in your lap ; perhaps She would have thought your tiny arm could not hold her Baby !" "Oh, then it would ! Tatie ! did I not always take Aunty Bella's baby, when se toming before ?" "Yes, Alley dear, se did !" said Katie. "Doubtless, my child : but, Nelly ; I would have believed you as well, why did you ask Katie that question ? would not your *own* words have answered ?" "Now, Alley dear ; don't be andry with me ! I not meaning that—I not knowing why I asting Tatie ; I not even thinting you not believing me.—O ! I very stoopid. Tiss me, dear Alley !" "And *me* too, Alley," said Katie "we bote loving you."

"Yes, yes, Tatie ; we all loving her very muss—and Ma' ; and Pa' ; and Mitter Belle !"

"Alley—I thinting all persons loving you ; even old Peggy. You tissing her to-morrow, Alley ?"

"Yes ! we'll all three kiss her : now go, and get Mamma's and Papa's blessing, and kiss them for the night ; it is time you were in bed."

It is Christmas morning, Katie and her sister are up betimes ; Aline is still sleeping, for she has been in bed only three hours.

"Tum, let's go to Alley, Tatie, and wate her."

"Se's sleeping, Nelly ; poor Alley ! se teep up at Mass last night ; don't wate her so soon."

"But Tatie ; won't we dress to go to church ? it's Trismis morning !" "You not wissing me merry Trismis then."

“And, *you* not wissing me also!” “Merry Trismis, Nelly!” “Merry Trismis, Tatie! but tum to Alley, I wanting, to tiss her first.” “Ah, ha, Nelly! *I* older than you; *I* must tiss her first.” “Very well; then New Year’s Day, I tissing her first?” “Yes, Nelly; that’s nice—tum now.”

And the two dew-drops jumped out of bed, and were across the room in a moment; and gently opening the curtains on either side, they crept into Aline’s bed. There they sat laughing at each other; bursting with impatience to awaken her, but restrained by a childish pity, not to disturb her slumbers.

“Tiss her, Tatie!” whispered Nelly; “No, Nelly! you tiss on one check, and I tissing on this.” “Oh, Tatie! how you thinting that? Betause we bote loving her, we bote tissing her at once? Yes, that’s nice!” And as she lay with her face up-turned, two soft impressions were lovingly made on the sleeper’s cheeks. The touch, however slight, caused her to waken up, and startling, she was sweetly greeted with “Merry Trismis, Alley!” “Merry Trismis, Alley!” from both voices; and they knelt on the bed, whilst Aline sat up.

The Governess was smothered with kisses!

They had all attended church; and the family had assembled at breakfast, of which Mr. Belle was a partaker. The meal passed off with “merry words” breathed by “kindly voices.” “Now, what sall we do?” asked Katie; and Nelly whispered something in her sister’s ear, which seemed to cause them both pleasure. Katie soon after asked—“Mamma, dear; may we go in the garden, and get some flowers?” “Why, Kate?” inquired her mother. “Betause we wanting some, Ma, I not liting to tell any one, must I tell you, Ma’?” “If it is a secret, darling, you may keep it. Go and do whatever you wish; only don’t be naughty.”

“No, Ma’ dear, we not being naughty to-day.”

“No, Ma’,” added Nelly; “we got plenty spice to-day.”

“What’s that, Nelly?” “Just fancy! Ma’ not knowing. You cheating me, Ma’; on Trismis-day! you *not* knowing what spice is?” “I *do* know what spice is, Nelly, but who gave you both plenty of it to-day?” “Dod, Ma’! we sing-ing, little dals made of sudar and spice, and all that’s nice,

and Alley saying; Dod made little dals with the sudar of good words, and good deeds, and to teep us sweet smelling, and sweet tasting, for a long time, Dod put the spice of His love in our hearts, and if we love Him, we will be all that's nice. And, Ma,' we loving Him plenty to-day," said Katie, "Sweet Little Jesus! we not getting to tiss Him to-day, but Alley telling us, if we trying to be good from His birthday, He let us tiss Him, when go to His Home in Heaven." "Nice, Ma'; I'snt it?" said Katie. "I wonder when He calling us to Heaven!"

"And, Ma' dear!" said Nelly; "Alley saying, Heaven so beautiful; I wish I was going to see it soon. Don't you, Tatee?" "I! I toating little Jesus to toll me soon to see Him; I asted Him at Mass to-day. And, Ma,' I asted also for you and Pa, and Nelly, and Alley; how nice to see Sweet Jesus, and Dod, and Holy Mary?" The Mother could not answer; her heart was too full; her eyes were suffused—what said her thoughts? "From the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise, O Lord!" "Trying, Ma' dear? Don't try," said both—"we not going without you; we sall take you also. Don't try!" and they were fondled, kissed, and despatched to the garden. Meanwhile, the Mother prayed!

But where is Aline Rochfort? Where *can* she be? Mr. Gray and his guest are in the garden; the latter, now busily engaged in helping the children to their flowery spoils; but, where is Alley? Behold her! The school-room table again; that same Portfolio: pen in hand, Aline Rochfort is writing, and tears are dropping on the paper. Peep from behind her chair; see, what has opened her heart-springs!

Ah! she is thinking of bye-gone<sup>\*</sup> days. The home of her childhood; pleasant Christmas times there; loving eyes, that were then bent on her. Where are they now? Closed in death! Her doating father; her gentle mother; her heart's cherished treasure, that broken-hearted sister! all gone—alone in the world is Aline Rochfort, the last plant of a once flourishing garden; transplanted, to flourish among strangers, and enliven their home with its perfumed blossoms.

What has she written? Her head rests on her right hand, and she is gazing at the skies.

Read on—

“Welcome, blessed Christmas! joyous, hopeful, day;  
Hailed by all hearts; and mine, which tunes its lay:  
With quiet joy, I'll greet my Saviour's birth,  
My heart is lone, and cannot vie with mirth.  
Thou, dearest Jesus! best, and truest friend,  
This day, Thy love began, 'twill never end;  
I've been ungrateful, yet, dear Lord! I know,  
From Heaven above, thou watchest me below.  
In Thy blest keeping my fond hopes I place;  
Oh! from my thoughts, all sinfulness efface;  
All my most dear ones guard from hence with care,  
For Jesus sake, great God! hear this my prayer.”

How well I guessed her thoughts! Ah, Aline Rochfort! The magnet sky attracts those weeping orbs; could they but pierce through the blue above, and view your loved ones, in the enjoyment of their Heavenly Christmas, your loving heart would not then mourn so deeply. Comfortless, and lone; is not the Eternal Father of Mercy, still your own? Cannot *His* hand open a thousand pathways, when mortal eye is not able to discern a single outlet? Are not your bereavements, the passing misery of the earth? As certain as the re-appearance of the rosy dawn, is the return of happiness to the believer, after the short hour of trial. Be comforted, Aline; there is an eye, that numbers the tears of the wretched; there is a Spirit, which sympathizes with every suffering spirit, unless it closes itself against sympathy. This eye will watch you; this spirit will always be impressed with pity for your sorrows; and the helping hand of Jesus will lead you safely through the dark pathways of life. Wherever you wander, the Lord is with you, and will never forsake you, if you are faithful to Him.

She has leaned back, and fallen asleep, with her face hidden by her handkerchief. List! the door opens, and tiny feet are traversing the floor. “Hus, Tatie! se's not awate.”

“Se's been trying, Nelly; I know se always sleeping after se trying very muss.”



"Poor Alley! se trying also this morning, at Church; se tovering her face, but I seeing her cyes red, when se toming from Holy Tummunion."

"Yes, I too seeing her, Tatie! but, Tatie! sall we put on the reed now?"

"Yes, yes, Nelly; what fun! when se getting up, se seeing flowers on her head."

Softly they measure their tread: on tiptoes, Katie raises herself, and places the wreath of gay flowers on her head. She must be sound in sleep, for she stirs not in the least! Look up, Katie and Nelly! see—who are at the door?

There stand three gentlemen, watching the process of love's adornment.

They have been spied at last, and Nelly trots forward, with fore-finger erect.

"Hus, Mitter Belle!—and Papa, and Mr. Rierdon, you too, you must not laughing loud; Alley wating, and then se not be pleased with Tatie and Nelly, if se seeing you all!"

"Do go away—do go, Papa!" chimed in Katie.

"You selfish little creature," said Frank Ritherdon; "Why should we not stay, and look at Miss Rochfort, as well as you?"

"Betause, we loving to see her, and you only laugh at her," replied the prattler.

Not all the murmuring of voices, or the weight of that rosy wreath, disturbed the sleeper. The children had driven the intruders away, and were seated on low stools beside their Governess; discussing the probability of her liking the pretty wreath.

"O Nelly, when se getting up? I growing very tired sitting here."

"Yes, I wis also se getting up soon; I wanting to see what se say."

And at last their watching was at an end! Alley opened her eyes, wondering why she was sitting there. By instinct her hand touched the flowers; the wreath was off in an instant, and—"Alley, O Alley, let it be; we put it there," hailed her bewildered senses. They were fondly clasped to her warm breast, those balsams God had sent, to heal the wound that had re-opened there. Numberless were the kisses given and taken, and their little hearts were glad-



dened by Alley's affectionate appreciation of their Christmas token.

"But, you not wearing it all day, Alley?" asked Nelly. "No, Nelly," said Katie; "you forgetting, Alley telling us before, that flowers not good to keep always ~~near~~ the nose; they mate us sit."

"Yes, yes, I forgettin that; O, I 'tollect nothing!"

"I'll make better use of your flowers, darlings," said Aline. "We will ask Papa to walk with us to the Chapel, and we'll take the pretty wreath with us, to put it on the hand of the Infant Jesus, in Holy Mary's arms."

"O Alley! you always thinting nice things; but little Jesus not sceing the reed how he liting it?" "No, my dear Katie; the Statue will not know of our offering, neither will we give it to the Statue; but, Jesus in Heaven will see it, (for he sees all things in the world) and He will hear the prayers we shall send up, and He will know that for love of him we adorn the Statue which represents our Infant Saviour."

"What is represents, Alley?" asked Nelly.

"Whose face is that lying on the drawing-room table, in the morocco case?"

"That's Mamma's!"

"Suppose, Nelly, you were sitting by that table, thinking of no one particularly; and if you caught sight of that green case, who would it remind you of?"

"Ma', of tose," answered both children.

"Why?"

"Betause we knowing her face there!" said Katie.

"Not *her* face, Katie, but the picture that *represents* her face."

"Yes, I knowing now: a face like Ma's?"

"Just so, Nelly. And Katie, which would you rather have; your Mamma's, or Papa's picture in your room, or any other that you could get?"

"I not caring for the other pictures; but I liking my Ma's!"

"And, Nelly; if your Mamma and Papa were far away from you, and you had their likeness; would you not like always to look at it, and sometimes kiss it too?"

"I would!"—"And I would too," said Katie.

"But that picture would not see you!"

"Never mind, Alley; I not get to kiss my Ma', so I kissing her picture."

"That is just what we kiss our Crosses for, my children. We love our good Jesus, who died for us, and we love his Cross, which makes us always remember He loved us so much, that He bore our punishment, and got pardon for us from God; whom, we had made angry."

"We *do not* always think of this; so the Crosses and Pictures are given us, that we may not entirely forget it. Your Mamma and Papa, or any friend, whose pictures you may have, will not see you kissing or looking fondly at them, if they are not present; but God *can* see, when we are doing so; and *He* knows that it is for love of Him that we prize our Crosses, Statues, and Pictures. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Alley dear! we not seeing little Jesus, and we loving and giving flowers to the Statue for *Him*."

"Yes! and we know that our Saviour died on the Cross for us; therefore we love and cherish the little Crosses, which represent His pain, and death, for love of us all."

"May I come in?" asked a person without.

"Yes!" was the response; and Frank Ritherdon entered the room.

Aline's heart fluttered a bit; but she soon regained composure; and asked him to be seated.

The children fidgetted about; for they had not told Aline of the trio who had seen her sleeping, *à la Flora*; and they feared, lest the visitor would reveal the secret.

"What is the matter, children?" asked Aline; "have you forgotten to shake hands with Mr. Ritherdon, or have you seen him before?"

"Yes, Miss Rochfort, I have had that honour; and with Mrs. Gray's leave, I have come to question these little bees regarding the honey they deprived me of, in the morning."

"Well go on; let us be enlightened on the subject," said Aline.

"O Alley, dear, he sall not speat; I knowing what he going to say!"

"Tum Tatie, we run away before he bedins." And they ran off, suiting the action to the word.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*"O hear me, while I now confess,  
 You need not arts to move me ;  
 Such charms by nature you possess —  
 'Twere madness not to love thee.  
 Then spare a heart you may surprise,  
 And give my tongue the glory ;  
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes,  
 Betray a tender story."*

JOHN WILMOT.

"SHALL I tell you all about it, Miss Rochfort ? Your looks speak your wonderment, at the bees leaving their honey in the spoiler's hands !"

"I *am* astonished, Mr. Ritherdon ; but you must not tell me a word in explanation, I will hear it from the children. They are not reserved with me ; and I cannot think why *they* have hidden any thing I may hear from others."

"Now, don't be serious about it, Miss Rochfort ; I am here upon a conquering expedition, and I am resolved that the first victory shall be followed by a greater."

"And pray, what was the first victory ?"

"That's just what I asked to tell you ! I told Mrs. Gray that I wished to see you, and she directed me here : now, I knew that the bees would be near ; and, as I had particular reasons for wishing the honey all to myself, it be-thought me, to drive them off. You saw how I did it, and as chance has favoured me at the onset, I take it as a favourable omen. The rest, you may ascertain from your little prattlers."

Aline's colour had deepened during this explanation, and it was not unnoticed by the speaker.

"You've been writing, I see ; have I disturbed you Miss Rochfort ?"

"Not at all : I had resigned my pen, long before you entered. I was then speaking to Katie and Nelly, but had fallen asleep over my musings, before they came in."

"Your *musings* ! is this the result of them ?"

A word of acquiescence, and, permission granted, Frank Ritherdon read the lines "On Christmas."

"Why such a sad strain, Miss Rochfort? Must the impulse of sadness, ever supersede that of glad feelings?"

"I am not always sad, Mr. Ritherdon; but, on memorable days, such as this, my mind *will* choose the retrospective; and this pathway cannot lead me into aught but dark, and mournful spots."

"But, my dear Miss Rochfort!" and the rose presided again. "If your heart cannot vie with *mirth*; surely, the mind can retrace its way back to the prospective—and, you do not mean to say, that a barren waste lies before you; devoid, even of one spot, where the heart could feel enlivened, and forget past sorrows?"

"Assuredly not, Mr. Ritherdon! The future, is still a blank; but, I should be very culpable in the sight of God, were I to slight this benefit, by saying, that the present is not fraught with blessings to me. I could not wish for kinder protectors than Mr. and Mrs. Gray; nor expect greater affection from my own kin, than I receive from my little charge. Others also, are kind to the orphan.—Mr. Belle, for instance: he has adopted me as his sister, and has treated me ever since, as such. I feel all this deeply; and I should be an ingrate indeed, were I not to love them all, and be cheerful, and happy, to evince my appreciation of their goodness."

"Is there no one else you can think of; who has been, and will always continue, your warm friend?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ritherdon; I see one now; indeed—your kindness has not been overlooked by Aline Rochfort; though I omitted your name, it was *not* a blot on my memory, believe me!" and the heart fluttered again; luckily, under the folds of Alpacca.

"You ask Heaven to guard all your most dear ones; will you think me rude, for wishing to be introduced to them? I presume, they are not scattered on the four quarters of the globe!"

"No, you only remind me of their being concentrated in one spot of earth—my present dwelling. I have but one friend, somewhat distant, and that is, good Dr. Shelton; I may never see him, but his kindness shall be unforgotten."

"But, your *dear* ones, Miss Rochfort?"



"They are Katie and Nelly; my adopted brother; Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and"—

Aline could not go on; for a hand clasped hers, and—"Is it Frank Ritherdon?" he softly demanded. "Aline! do you know that *you* are one of *his most dear ones*?" She looked on him—such a look of trustful tenderness—and his question was answered.

"I know you love me, Aline; I had *felt* it; *Mr. Belle* would never have been a brother, had Aline's heart not flown to its kindred one, before he could win it. Will you let the prospect still be blank, Aline, when Frank Ritherdon offers you a heart that is *all* your own; and promises, most devotedly, fondly, to cherish the dear being who has taught him to value her goodness, and worth?"

Their hands were still united—their hearts had long been. Could Aline deny it? No! but she was no enthusiast; experience had taught her to test well, before she yielded. "*She* loved Frank Ritherdon, from the inmost depths of her heart; but his love—may it not be an infatuation? Was not her Olive's fate, a bitter warning!"

These thoughts flitted across her mind, in lightning succession; and the impulse of candour, was to tell him of them. She did so: and long, and pleasant were the outpourings of their sincere affection.

The curtain must drop here. The sequel—what was it? They were betrothed!

That day's journal was thus ended:

"Hail noon-day hour of this blessed Christmas day!  
For with thee came that cherished form,  
Entirely loved, and valued much:  
Whose hand I clasped—whose voice I heard—  
Whose very presence was so fraught with bliss,  
That I'd have gazed for hours, in silent love  
On those dear eyes; and read the truest tale  
Those eyes alone could tell—of love for me;  
For me! unloved till now: unloving too  
Until our eyes had met, and heart had held  
Communion with its kindred heart.  
Then—then each loved, and will love on *till death*."



## CHAPTER VII.

*"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Mysterious round, is full of Thee!"*

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

AGAIN must we peep into Aline's journal—

*"December 31st.*

"Holidays still. Katie, and Nelly are busy, and mysterious. Mr. and Mrs. Gray are both kind in the extreme. I am so glad, we are not to part yet. Frank has consented to delay our marriage, till another is selected to take my place: dear, dear Frank! how *have* I won such a heart as his? I *do* love him—my incomparable, kind-hearted Frank!

"Mr. Belle came to-day: he persists in my calling him George; I suppose I must do it, or I shall pain his feelings—my good indulgent brother!

"Asked if he would always remember me; but felt sorry for having done so. The look he assumed, when he said—'can I forget thee, Aline; my dearest Sister?' has haunted me ever since.

"Indeed, my brother! wilt thou ever hold  
Remembrance of me, dear as it is now?  
'Can I forget thee' is a tale oft told,  
Ah! thou dost but repeat a faithless vow.

Art sure thou'lt ne'er repent words lightly said?  
And art as sure, the object is deserving?  
Hast thou the present and the future weighed,  
Convinced that she will then, as now, be loving?

I know thee well, dear brother—yes, I do!  
Thy worth, and value, deeply I've discerned;  
And from my heart I say, that thou art true,  
Thy words, and acts, alike my love hath earned.

Thou art my brother, not by nature's ties,  
 But those linked by affection chaste and pure;  
 Bound firmly now—to break them, he who tries,  
 Will find unyielding metal—strong and sure.

Yet, as I asked, thou canst but well retort,  
 And seek to know how I can test my love;  
 Come! I shall lead thee to the best resort,  
 From whence we'll learn, how we can constant prove.

Do'st call me Sister? Yes, I hear thee say,  
 And love thee well—too well to be forgot;  
 To make assurance sure, we both must pray,  
 That God may bless us, and time change us not.

The only ling'ring wish still unfulfilled,  
 One, that is woven with my love for thee;  
 'Tis the great duty, that our Saviour willed,  
 We should perform, in faith and purity.

How long wilt thou resist this blest command?  
 Ask thyself, *why* God's wishes thou dost slight?  
*He* sends thee blessings with unsparing hand,  
*Thou*, by resistance—doth but tempt his might!

Are not all sinners? Yes, both great and small!  
 'Twas to save such, that our Redcemer came;  
 The just communed with Him—lest they should fall,  
 Sinners approached—grace, pardon, to obtain.

Then go, my brother! sinful if thou be,  
 Seek the tribunal where sure peace is found;  
 Kneel at the Altar in simplicity  
 Then shalt thou know, that there true joys abound.

Heed not the world, or what false tongues may say,  
 Arouse thyself, and shake off earthly leaven;  
 'Twill not avail thy soul, on life's last day:  
 Hear me, my brother—and thou'lt rest in Heaven!

"Will copy these to-morrow, and give it to my brother. Have long been wishing to convince him of the necessity of doing his duty : will speak to him to-morrow.

"Have to rise very early ; so—

"I must now bid adieu, dying old year ;  
Rest in eternity—nothing can hinder thee,  
Time speeds thee onward, tarry not here !

I shall remember thee ! mournful old year ;  
Whilst thou hast rolled o'er head—one lies among  
the dead,  
She will recall thee, with many a tear !

One more endearing link binds thee, old year :  
'Tis the heart I have won—my own beloved one,  
His love dates in thy course : thus, thou art dear !

My heart thanks God for thee—blessed old year :  
May He forgive us all—sinful, both great and small,  
For each past wasted hour of thy career,

Farewell ! farewell to thee—dear sad old year :  
Soon thou shalt pass away—ere dawns another day,  
Yet leaves me unprepared for Heaven's sphere !"

*"New Year's Day.*

"Arose very early : went to my pets, and awoke them with a kiss, and New Year greeting. They jumped up in bed, and returned my salute with ever-so-many kisses. Went to church ; met George and Frank ; they were asked to pass the day here, by Mrs. Gray.

"The breakfast table wore an ominous appearance, as we assembled round it : plates had haunches of all shapes on their backs ; and to hide the varied deformities, snowy napkins were spread over them, instead of being nicely folded, as usual.

" 'O Mitter Belle ! you looting beforehand ; now, *that's* not nice,' said Nelly. 'Yes, and naughty Papa looting

also,—not *yet* Pa', when we all sit down, we'll open the fairy's presents,' added Katie.

" 'Now, Mitter Frank! you peeping again?'

" 'No, Katie, I'm only looking at the napkin,' returned Frank. The 'Dots' were all impatience themselves, so, to gratify their restrained curiosity, we quickly seated ourselves. 'All, at once' was the general order from Nelly; and immediately, the veils were removed, displaying the hidden sights.

" Mrs. Gray had a ring of her husband's hair, in a pretty little box; wrapped in pink paper, and directed. 'To my own dear wife, with Stephen's love.'

" Katie and Nelly had each a couple of pretty books, and wax dolls—'With Papa's and Mamma's love.'

" 'Dolls and boots! this why our plates so high!' ejaculated Nelly. 'Alley! what *you* getting?' asked Katie, smiling mischievously. I read the superscription. 'For our esteemed Miss Rochfort, with her friends sincere regards.' It was a miniture case; and on opening it, revealed the features of the quartette—Parents, and daughters; grouped together in one daguerreotype.

" 'Ah! I tan teep a setret,' said Nelly; 'So tan I,' responded Katie. 'See, Ma' dear, we not telling Alley, we giving her our liteness!'

" 'I did not expect you to do so, Nelly: Papa and I would not have let you into our secret, if we thought you both would tell on us.'

" 'But who giving Papa's pesent?' inquired Nelly.

" 'See here, Nelly!' and Mr. Gray held up a handsome snuff box. 'The gift of an affectionate wife.'

" 'Who wants to see my treasure?' asked George; 'And mine?' asked Frank.

" 'I!' 'I!' resounded from both infant voices.

" George's was a beautifully bound *Missal*; 'with Mr. and Mrs. Gray's best wishes;' and Frank then exhibited a watch pendant; one link of which, was dark brown hair, the intermediate gold one having 'Katie' engraved thereon; and the next link was of lighter hair, and 'Nelly' engraved on the following gold one: the *finalé* was a key.

" 'All delighted with our new year gifts; breakfast passed off pleasantly. Told George, I had a little token for him,

asked him to walk out in the garden. We went: 'first take *my* gift' he said; and, he clasped a pair of bracelets on my arms. One clasp had.—'From George'—the other 'To Aline' engraved on them. 'Mine, is a simple token,' I remarked. 'The gift is small, but love is all.'

" 'All *I* need, Aline; what is it?' asked George. Gave him the lines, copied from yesterday's Journal, on embossed paper. He looked pleased, and grave. 'These shall be fondly treasured, my Sister," said George. 'But I want you to abide by its dictates as well.'

" 'Must I?'

" 'If you will try, and believe in the blessings gained thereby, there will be no necessity attached to your fulfilling *my* wishes, and *your* duty.'

" 'I *will*, Aline, I promise you; I *have* been thinking over this subject of late.'

" 'Yes, yes, I had a day-dream about it.'

" 'Indeed! what was it?'

" 'I will repeat it, George; the other day when you were so ill, and you could not leave you bed, I thought about the feelings one has when sick, and I put them in rhyme.

" 'Come to me, Sister dearest,  
List to what I would say;  
Come! take thy place beside my bed,  
I fain would have thee pray.

Sister, my conscience tells me,  
How erring I have been;  
How false the self-sufficient thoughts,  
On which I'm wont to lean.

Dear Sister, oft thou'st told me,  
That I was good and kind;  
And qualities of sterling worth,  
Enriched my heart and mind.

Yet, thou hast always added,  
Conviction's calm reproof;  
For thy Brother's, sinful, long neglect,  
Of a duty kept aloof.



I feel it now, my Sister,  
The imports of that tie;  
The link that binds the Soul to God,  
And to him draws us nigh.

Kneel then near me, thou dear one,  
Mingle thy prayers with mine;  
Ask for the blessing of God's grace,  
On my cold heart to shine.

I know I've been ungrateful,  
God's wishes thus to slight;  
How soon could He have crushed me down,  
With His all-powerful might.

But no! His mercy spares me,  
He lifts not His arm to strike;  
The forbearance of our Heavenly Judge,  
No earthly one is like.

In a sick bed He has laid me,  
To warn me of my last end;  
Yet, the greatest of Physicians,  
Has proved the sinner's friend.

Returning health, and coming strength  
Are God's all bounteous gifts;  
Pray with me, Sister, that He may,  
My heart from evils sift.

The last plank after ship-wreck,  
To which I'll firmly cling;  
Shall lead me safely to the port,  
Where dwells my God and King.

Kneel then by me, dear Sister,  
Unitedly we'll pray;  
That from the path our Saviour trod,  
Our foot-steps ne'er may stray.

And when my prayer is over,  
How light I'll feel at heart;  
And thankful that thou led me on,  
To act the better part.'

“ ‘It shall be realized, Aline.’

“ ‘No! no! not only to please *me*; that, would be an unworthy motive in a good cause. Take care how you invite so mighty a visitor, not to honor Him, but, to please an earthly friend: you must first prepare the dwelling, and furnish it appropriately, with faith, hope, love, and contrition, before you can expect so Holy a Guest to enter, with any degree of pleasure.’ ‘I will—I will, Aline.’ And we shook hands, and returned to the house.

“Found Frank in the school-room, with Kate and Nell; busy, reading their new books. Mr. and Mrs. Gray were out on a visit: George and I joined the readers. Frank looked up from his book—Oh, that look! his own peculiar one: he little dreams where it enters, the charm it sheds.

“The day passed off in pleasant chat: evening came on, and the children rode out on their ponies, with George. Mr. and Mrs. Gray walked out; and my head aching, kept me in doors. Dear Frank staid by me: laid down on the drawing-room sofa; Frank sat near me.’

“ ‘Alley, dear, I saw your gift to George; and, it is far more valuable to him, than any other he could get. I *do* believe, that loving heart of yours would entice all your friends to Heaven: If ever *I* go there, you’ll be my leader.’

“ ‘I only wish I may have such willing followers, as my dear, good Frank, then. I am sure, *none* will be half as precious a charge, dear one, as you!’ And, the little hand clasped mine, in silent acknowledgment.

“ ‘But, Alley! is it not strange, that I am the only one, who has not brought you a New Year gift?’

“ ‘I am *certain* you have; although, the giver will be prized much more, and the gift for *his* sake only. I care least of all, for presents of any kind, not actually useful; yet, I appreciate the intention. *You* are a gift, dear Frank—both rare and useful: rare, because your love is inestimable to me; useful, in giving *my* affection a flowing source; which may have dried up, and rendered me unfit to enjoy the blessings God otherwise sent. You can have no conception how thankfully I bless God, for his granting me your love; gift and giver, valued beyond measure.’

“ ‘ Well, take this double gift from me, dear Aline, and you please give me a similar one ; minus the case, as I have one already.’ It was a lock of his hair, coiled within a gold enamelled locket : the lid bearing the inscription :— ‘ A New Year’s gift ; from Frank to his Aline.’ Kissed him for it : attached it to my mother’s hair chain, and, ’twas soon buried midst Alpacca folds. ‘ Now, come along Frank ; I’ll write you a fitting acknowledgement.’

“ Went to the school-room, wrote :—

“ This lock of hair, on which I gaze in pleasure,  
How very dear is it unto my heart !  
A trifling gift, but oh ! so great a treasure,  
For Gold and Pearls, would I exchange it not,  
Each silken fibre sweetly is entwined,  
Around my heart, and there it shall be prized ;  
Beyond all else—so lovingly enshrined,  
Until fond wishes shall be realized.

Thus ! thus, my little lock, I’ll shelter thee,  
Thou precious particle of him I love so well ;  
Pressed to my lips—O, so caressingly,  
And loved so fondly—words can scarcely tell,  
And if I’m ever forced from him to part,  
In vain my eyes, that face will long to see ;  
This little lock, shall rest against my heart,  
To know ’tis his—shall ever comfort me.

“ Frank was gratified : said, ‘ the lock of hair was not worth being inscribed with such language.’—*I knew better.* Gave him a lock of my hair : dear, dear Frank ! shall I ever forget the kind words he spoke ! Will Aline continue to live, and not feel that the life blood is flowing in her veins ? Can she love, and forget that she draws the happiest draughts of life from the fountain of her Frank’s affection ? Never !

“ Evening passed pleasantly—George sang to my playing ; has a splendid voice. Katie calls me—my pen must be laid aside.

“ ALINE ROCHFORD.”

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*"O woman's love's a holy light,  
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;  
It lives—though treachery and slight,  
To quench the constant flame may try:  
Like Ivy, where it grows 'tis seen,  
To wear an everlasting green."*

FIVE months have passed away, and it is June: Frank Ritherdon has been to Calcutta, and returned.

He had visited Darjeeling for change of air, and Aline Rochfort had bound him there, in a spell. His friends had expected him back, but Frank was not going to leave his heart behind; he never was guilty of such wilful forgetfulness.

When engaged to Aline, he wrote to his family, and told them of it, but no answer was received, and his spirit could not brook to be slighted. He had proposed leaving, immediately after his engagement; but not hearing from home, he delayed his departure.

At last a letter was sent; its contents were not mentioned, but it hurried Frank back to Calcutta.

The evening before he left, whilst seated alone with Aline, he said:—"Now that I am obliged to leave you, dear Aline, I must tell you all that is troubling me; and you alone have power to relieve my mind. I have told you before, how dearly my Mother loves me; and were it not for that knowledge, I should have been a wanderer by this time.

"But, Aline; a mother's love does not suffice a man; fondly as we have loved each other, I felt the want of such love as you have yielded to me. I never could love the every-day girls I met: my heart could not thaw without the warmth of affection, and those girls had none to give; at least, not such affection as I required. I would never marry, unless I proved that a girl would love me, for myself alone; and, Alley, you are the only one, who has satisfied my exacting heart—the only one I can entirely confide in.

"Now, dear one; I wish to ask, if you can even exceed this; Alley! would you endure hardships for your Frank?"



"Frank, you need not ask me that question : hardships dearest ! what would I not bear, with you ?

"If you suffer, can Aline complain ? No ! no my dear Frank—

"For me, thou may'st be rich, high, low, or poor,  
Thy heart's my treasure—and of this be sure ;  
If thou art happy in my simple love,  
Fear not its change—dear Frank 'twill never move."

"You have mistaken me, Aline ; I do not mean hardships of a pecuniary nature ; my wife shall never want : but there are other trials, you may be called on to bear ; other"—

"Never mind what they may be, Frank ; with you by my side, your love to cheer me ; nothing in life can trouble me, if *you* are not distressed by it.

"Frank, you are all the world to me ; I often think God will punish me, for loving you as I do : I tell you, the hidden depths of my love are beyond the powers of conception. I have loved but one, like you ; and that was my Sister : even she knew not how deep was my love for her ; and I feel convinced, had Olivia lived, and I could have been by her ; no one else could have gained my affection.

"As it is, you came in time of sorrow ; when, my bereaved heart felt the absence of a kindred one ; and my lonely, wandering spirit, was gladdened by the sunshine of your truthful countenance : it has basked ever since under the genial warmth of your love, and such is *all* I need, never doubt me, Frank ; never doubt me !"

"I do not doubt you, my own dear Aline, but assure me that you will not care for the cold looks of my friends ; that you will be happy in knowing that you are loved and valued by me ; that the talk of a little world of unkind people will not worry you—tell me this, Aline ; and I shall dispel all my gloomy fears."

"Obviate every fear from your mind, Frank ; the world's talk is mere effervescence ; *that*, soon subsides. I understand you fully : your friends object to your marrying a poor governess ; is it not so, Frank ? I knew it long before this."



"Knew it! how?"

"Mrs. Gray warned me of it, before I accepted you for my future husband. Stay, let me go on; listen to me Frank; when you asked me to be your wife, I yielded only when I was assured of your devoted affection. My heart had been yours, long before: I could not explain what led me to love you so passionately; it was an innate feeling, defying all my endeavours to overcome."

"When I was not aware of your affection; I prayed, O how earnestly, that my strong, impetuous heart, would not lead me into more misery: here, Frank; see what I then wrote."

And Aline opened her portfolio, which was on the school-room table; and taking a slip of paper from it, she read:—

"O God! great God! thou knowest, how every hourly  
thought,  
My heart, on love bestowest, a moment scarce forgot;  
'Tis vain in words to tell Thee, when Thou my heart canst  
view,  
What sorrows now doth haunt me, how dismal is their hue.

I ask thee, at thy bidding, be merciful to me;  
For Jesus' sake, now pleading, may I from woes be free:  
I know, our blessed Saviour, will lift his loving heart,  
That no more grief oppress her—He'll plead the orphan's  
part.

If none on earth may love me, *Thou* wilt, my Heavenly  
friend!  
My heart is open to Thee, do Thou its peace defend;  
I own myself unworthy and frailest of the frail,  
Oh! do not, Lord, forsake me, if enemies assail!"

"Such petitions as this, daily went up to God; He alone knows, why they were not granted. I am far from sorry, I should be a hypocrite to say so! but I tell you, Frank, if I esteemed myself unworthy of your love, or thought I should cause you the least shame, I would have flown from the temptation, your kindness and gentle behaviour offered me. I tell you my love is such, that rather than cause you

unhappiness, or harm of any kind ; I would crush my best, purest feelings, and break off the chain that unites us now."

"Break off, Aline ! do you know what would ensue ? ruin to myself ;—misery to my mother ; and the friends who pride in me *now*, will weep tears of shame *then*. Break off ! never dream of such doings : you are my hope ; my comfort ; and your love is all that I now exist on ; *who* could compensate for *your* loss ?

"I only wonder, how I enjoyed life so long : now, every thing is tasteless, where Aline moves not. The fellowship of the world, may yield me pastime ; but you, my Aline, have brought me the possession of true happiness. To live devoid of your presence ? death would indeed be welcome !"

Was it to be wondered, that the loving heart was lost, in this maze of soul-spoken affection ?

O love ! it is a fearful thing,  
In deep impassioned minds ;  
'Tis all absorbing when the heart,  
A kindred spirit finds.  
It makes the Christian similar,  
To the poor heathen race ;  
Creates an idol—worships it,  
In the Almighty's place.

\* \* \* \* \*

They parted that night, those loving souls ; and now, we find Frank returned to his Aline, with brighter hopes.

"Mitter Frant," said Nelly to him, the day he arrived ; "I got something for you ; you telling us, not to mate Alley try, but se trying herself, when you going away."

"Yes, Aline ?" interrogated Frank.

"Well, is it anything extraordinary, that I should sometimes shed tears, when *you* were absent ?"

"But see not trying for that, Mitter Frant ; I see you something, for that se trying," and the prattler ran off to get it.

Aline burst out laughing, at the grave face she beheld.

"You are laughing, Alley ?" said Frank, "but I see, you are ready to cry again."

"Cry ! why should I ?" yet, the eyes became luminous with gathering tears.

"What is it, Nelly has to show me, Aline?"

"Some verses, I had addressed you in."

"And, how did she get them?"

"I had written them, and was crying whilst reading, when she came in joyously, about something, she had to tell me, and seeing my tears, she changed countenance directly, and actually snatched the paper from my hand. 'I soeing it, to Mitter Frant, when he toming; you very naughty, Alley,' she said; and ran off with her spoils. I would have taken them back, only, her little heart would have grieved; and, as I knew affection, and not boldness, impulsed her act, I let her keep the verses for your Lordship's inspection."

Little Nelly had meanwhile returned, and was standing behind Frank and Aline; she came forward, when they ceased speaking, and said—"I hearing you, Alley: I loving you, that's why I tate away that naughty paper; if I not telling Mitter Frant, he thinting, Nelly and I mate you try." She gave him the paper, and ran away again, saying. "I not taying any more, Mitter Frant; Ma' wanting me and Nelly to go out."

"Now, where are your Jurymen, my Lord?"

"No Jury required; it's a civil suit; and must be adjudged by me, alone. Now, prepare your defence I'm going to read.

' Your words have made me very sad,  
I feel you know me not;  
How could you doubt my constancy?  
How harbour such a thought?

' Have you not always said to me  
"Dear Aline, we are one?"  
If you will not, how can I change,  
And love like yours, e'er shun?

' My life has been a darken'd one,  
With ceaseless clouds o'ercast;  
Your "gentle words," and "kindly decds,"  
Alone repays the past.

‘ The mists are gone, the clouds dispersed,  
A bright star shineth on :  
It twinkles now on my lone path,  
When other lights have flown. —

‘ Keep glitt’ring on, my guiding star,  
And I shall follow thee;  
In life, till death, I’ll bide thy course,  
And love thee faithfully.

‘ My fondly-loved, most valued Frank,  
Life but a blank would be ;  
If I were now, to part from thee,  
Thou, who art life to me.

‘ No ! never shall I rend the tie,  
That binds your heart to mine ;  
The day you spurn your Aline’s love,  
Then will she yours resign.’

“ Your guiding Star will always twinkle on Aline’s path, dear one ; yours, till death. Disperse your sorrows to the winds and waves ; we shall be very happy : my mother is prepared to love you, now for her son’s sake ; by and bye, for your own deserving worth. My father is rather head-strong yet ; but, much as I respect him, I cannot yield to his unjust whims. When he knows you, dear Aline, as well as *I* do, he will forget that eye-sore to pride—a ‘ Governess,’ and remember my wife, only as an affectionate, invaluable daughter ; which, I prophecy you’ll be.”

The pent-up tears, now burst forth ; but they were tears of happiness, wiped off quickly, by the hand of love. Leave those two, to enjoy these precious moments ; we are not needed there.

## CHAPTER IX.

*" 'Tis hard, when flowers of life and love,  
Are blighted in their bloom;  
When o'er hope's sunny meads advance,  
Wan shadows of the tomb.*

*Haste then, O resignation, haste,  
'Tis thine to reconcile;  
The stubborn heart, unto its God:  
Thou canst all grief beguile!*

## YOUNG'S "RESIGNATION."

A SHORT month has succeeded our last view of Aline Rochfort; and that month has marked sorrow on the doorway of that once happy dwelling.

Mr. Gray was dead: cholera had swept off the main-spring in their abode, and the rest were left in desolate helplessness.

Aline's marriage was to be hastened, in consequence, as Mrs. Gray and her children were to leave for Calcutta almost immediately; from whence, after arranging her affairs, she intended going to her friends in England. Frank Ritherdon had preceded them to Calcutta, to prepare for the reception of his bride elect, and Aline was to follow with Mrs. Gray, as soon as he reported readiness to receive her.

Mr. Belle's disinterested kindness now shone in its brightest colours. He had insisted that Aline was his Sister, by the ties of affection; and he claimed a Brother's right to portion her accordingly.

"When you all leave, dear Aline, what will *I* do here?" So he sold his business, and prepared to follow his adopted Sister; to give her away to Frank Ritherdon. He was offered a home with Aline and her husband, but he had never kept near them after their engagement, and he still preferred the measured distance; so, excusing himself, pleading a *penchant* for living alone, he proposed taking a house, and promised to be a constant guest of the young couple.



Every preparation was being made for their approaching departure, and in the excitement of packing, there was scarcely any time allowed to dwell much on its sad cause. In the midst of this confusion, Frank wrote to say that he was progressing with the bridal arrangements, but, that for the last two days, he had felt a strange pain and weakness, come over him; which deterred his going about. "Don't be alarmed, dear Aline," he wrote, "I shall soon be all right; the Doctor says, he will put me on my legs again in a day or two."

Lightly as these words were written, they fell with leaden weight on Aline's heart. "My God!" she murmured, "spare him, O spare *him* to me; may this, indeed, be only a passing illness."

But, that weight still pressed down her spirits; at night, Katie and Nelly coaxed, and caressed her long before they slept. "Don't try, Alley; he get well soon;" and tears coursed down, in spite of Nelly's soothing endeavours.

Every voice was stilled by sleep, but Aline Rochfort paced up and down her chamber. Ah, Aline! "coming events, cast their shadows before;" therefore that clouded brow—those unrestrainable tears.

Nothing calmed her, but prayer; and *her* prayers were generally wild flowers sprung on desert wastes; looking up to their Almighty Creator, in all their simple luxuriance.

She must have been praying during that perambulation; for she came quickly to her little table, and opening her writing apparatus, she sat before it. The pen was soon taken up, and she wrote—

"Mary! Mother! pray for me,  
That whate'er my lot may be;  
To the will of God above,  
I may bow submissively.

"Mary! Mother! pure and mild,  
Pray for me, thy lowly child;  
Pray, that I may yield no more,  
Should rebellious nature lure.

“ Mary ! Mother ! good and kind,  
Pray, that peace I yet may find ;  
Intercede for me—sweet friend,  
That my sorrows yet may end.

“ Mary ! Mother ! pray for me,  
God will ne’er deny it thee ;  
Pray, that grace I may obtain,  
Strength, my weakness to sustain.

“ Mary ! Mother ! look below,  
T’wards thy child soft pity show ;  
Ask thy Son, our Saviour dear,  
To regard my humble prayer.

“ Mary ! Mother ! on thy breast,  
Let my weary spirit rest ;  
Thus, when sheltered ’neath thy arm,  
I may have a shield from harm.

“ Mary ! Mother ! pray for me,  
That from grief I may be free ;  
Blessed Lady ! intercede,  
Help me in this hour of need.”

The clock had struck two, and Aline had just finished her task of love : she had been writing also to her beloved.

“ Dear, dear Frank,—Take care of yourself ;” were her words of admonition. “ Business is a secondary consideration, do not fret yourself about it. What can restore the loss of your health ? Hear me, Frank, and keep at home, until you are fairly well ; if not for my sake, for that of your dear mother, who loves you so fondly : Oh ! how I shall bless that Doctor, if he keeps his word.

“ May all the blessings you call down on me, be increased tenfold for her dear Frank ; is the heartfelt prayer of

“ ALINE ROCHFORD.

“ P. S.—I am enclosing something to please you, I hope you’ll be gratified ?

“ A. R.

- “ I love my Mother: she hath given me birth,  
 'Twas she first hailed me, when I entered earth ;  
 With tenderness she watched my infancy,  
 With care unceasing she hath tended me.
- “ I love my Mother: for to her I owe,  
 Relief, from every boyhood's grief and woe ;  
 How fondly did she love her own dear boy,  
 How kindly did she yield him every joy.
- “ I love my Mother: o'er and o'er again,  
 Her hands have eased me when I writhed in pain ;  
 And often, near my sick bed she hath knelt,  
 What anguish for her Son, that fond heart felt.
- “ I love thee, Mother: from my very heart,  
 With love so lasting, 'tis of life a part ;  
 And yet, 'tis insufficient, mother mine !  
 I never can repay such love as thine.
- “ I love thee, Mother: thou art all to me,  
 A child's best love, I'll ever tender thee ;  
 Accept the offering—take it, mother dear !  
 To be thy comfort, shall be my whole care.
- “ I love thee, Mother: and full well I know,  
 I'm dearer to thee, than all else below ;  
 To thee, thy son till death shall fondly cling,  
 May filial love, its blessings to me bring.
- “ Now bless me, Mother: bless this son of thine,  
 Thy love and blessing, round my heart I'll twine ;  
 And when another comes, my love to share,  
 She'll prize my treasure—*well* am I aware.”

A week had passed away, since Aline wrote ; and another was flitting bye, yet no news from Frank Ritherdon. At last Aline heard—“ he had been very ill, but was bettering ;” then was her mind relieved ; and hope

again shone on that darkened spot. Aline had passed a miserable night; she was constitutionally weak; and the past week's suspense, together with the last night's oppressive grief, scarcely left her strength to sit up.

It was Sunday morning, and Aline was at her devotions, when Mrs. Gray entered with a letter: she waited till Aline was at leisure; and when she perceived her harrassed look, assumed a calmed appearance, she delivered the letter; and simply remarking, that she hoped the contents would prove consoling, left the room.

The harbinger of good tidings had flown with rosy wings; and as they now closed over the care-worn sufferer, her pale face flushed bright from the hue shed on it. Aline, soon after sat up in bed and took up her favourite book—"The Imitation of Christ." Her thoughts reverted to the pleasant Sunday readings she and Frank had enjoyed from that very book: it was *his* gift, exchanged for the old one she had; and fondly were the passages he had marked, read and re-read.

But this was no help to the recovery of strength: tears kept flowing, till the eyes grew dim, and the page a mist before her; and soon the book fell from her clasp, whilst the hand that held it, lay cold on her motionless body. She had fainted! Luckily, their love for Aline, kept the children constantly in the room; and Katie was there seated near the window, reading. She heard the book fall on the ground; and rising to pick it up, started, on seeing Aline lie there, senseless.

Katie screamed her utmost; and her mother, with Mr. Belle, hastened to the room, on hearing it. Mrs. Gray entered, but her companion halted; he was presently called in, and found the being whom he doated on, lying still, and ghastly as death.

Restoratives were administered; and when brought round to consciousness, she extended her hand to Mr. Belle, but uttered not a word; tears were coursing down her cheeks, and he tenderly wiped them off.

"What has moved you thus, Aline?" inquired George Belle.

"I don't know, George; only, I felt too happy to hear that Frank is better. I think, that was it."

Thoroughly worn-out by daily weeping, Aline was reduced to the extreme of weakness: for two hours after, she lay exhausted, and George Belle, with Mrs. Gray, watched her. After a while she said—"George, will you draw that table close, I wish to write. Could you not prop me up with pillows, Mr. Gray?"

"Write, Alley! to whom?" asked Mr. Belle.

"To no one; only, I have some very sweet thoughts, which I wish to put down, before they fly away."

"No, Aline, you cannot stand any more exertion; you must not sit up again," said Mrs. Gray. She lay quiet, for a few minutes, then said.

"Do, dear George, bring my portfolio, I'll lose the idea!"

A forbidding shake of Mrs. Gray's head set George Belle a thinking. "What should he do? how humour this dear Sister, without harm to her?" were his mental interrogations. At last he said; "Alley, dear, if you can tell me what to write, I'll draw the table and do so."

"Yes George, but it will be slow work; I cannot speak much together."

"Never mind, Aline; I am blessed with a deal of patience; I fear, that is the only virtue I possess!" and he sighed.

A nod of consent from Aline, and the table was arranged by Mr. Belle: Mrs. Gray took up the forsaken book, to read; and he began writing, as Aline slowly dictated—

#### THE ANGEL'S PETITION.—THE PRAYER OF LOVE.

'Twas night on earth, and on a lowly couch,  
A lonely Woman sat with sorrowing heart;  
In tones subdued the Angels heard her say,  
Jesus, my Saviour! must I from him part?"  
And then, a wild, heart-gushing sob was heard,  
'Twas hushed—they catch the words, "My God! my  
God!"

Have mercy on me, if I am doomed to hear,  
That, one so loved, must soon rest 'neath the sod."



"Oh! let us plead for her," some Angel said,  
 "She asks us daily, though we're now forgot,  
 She must be wretched, to be weeping so,  
 Hark! She is murmuring, 'Satan tempt me not!'"  
 "We'll go to Mary," said a holy Soul,  
 "Yes!" was the answer, and with one accord,  
 The Heavenly Spirits went to seek their Queen,  
 Knelt round, and hailed her, "Mother of our Lord!"

"Bless thee, my children," Mary sweetly said,  
 And each one kissed the hand she held o'er them;  
 "Can Mary aid thee? hast thou aught to ask?  
 Some new petition for the sons of men?"  
 "Yes! gracious Lady, there is one below,  
 All frail and erring—countless woes she's had;  
 She's weeping, praying, quelling sinful thoughts,  
 Help her, Oh! help her, she seems very sad!"

And Mary, seated near our Saviour's throne,  
 Heard this petition, then she turned to him;  
 "My Son," she whispered, "lift thy loving heart,  
 And ask our God, to save this child of sin!"  
 Then Jesus rose, and to his Father went,  
 And laid himself upon that kindred breast;  
 He spoke not, but the pitying throbs were felt,  
 Th' Almighty granted his dear Son's behest.

"My blessed Son, through thee none pleads in vain"  
 Such were the words, th' Almighty Father spake;  
 "The sinners' sufferings now are sanctified,  
 Our Spirit bless her, for her Saviour's sake,  
 But list! what more does this poor creature ask!"  
 "Oh! God, my Father, infinitely kind!  
 Spare him to me, This dearest friend on earth,  
 Sweet Jesus, through thee, may he mercy find!

"I know, that thou has chastened him in love,  
 That all he suffers will be to his gain;  
 I ask thee, but to strengthen him to bear,  
 With patience, all his trials, and his pain,

O God! forgive me for these ceaseless tears,  
Deem me not bold for thus addressing Thee;  
Who else have I, but thou, the God of love,  
To heed my prayers, and all my grief to see?"

The voice was stilled, but God heard it on high,  
"Poor child!" he said, "you shall not longer weep;  
Rest, wearied sinner, Jesus loves your friend,  
He pleads e'en now, go rest yourself in sleep,"  
And, Mary heard these loving words with joy,  
The intercession prospered through her Son;  
"My Mother," Jesus said, "go take relief,  
I've done thy bidding for this erring one!"

Then, Mary to her Saintly suppliants turned,  
"Praise God for ever, holy souls," she said;  
"Complete thy mission, let us hasten on,  
To watch, and tend the sick man's weary bed,"  
Thus Heaven's queen, with her angelic host,  
To earth descended; but, whilst on their way;  
They heard a voice breathe holy Mary's name,  
And paused to hear the lonely watcher pray.

'Twas midnight, when the sorrowing woman woke,  
And, just as if she felt that help was near;  
Her first thought was of him she loved so well,  
She could not sleep again without a prayer.  
And scalding tears, her heavy heart relieved,  
"Mary!" she murmured, "art thou near his bed?  
Mother of mercy, take my place by him;  
And smooth the pillows, 'neath his painful head."

"Ye blessed spirits! hover round my Frank,  
And whisper comfort to his cheerless heart;  
Oh! do *you* for him all that Aline would,  
If God willed not, that we should be apart,  
My God! this trial has been hard to bear!  
Yet, I believe, 'tis for our mutual good;  
Oh! give me patience to abide thy will,  
E'en, though its purport be not understood."

" Poor mortal ! " Mary said, then breathed a sigh,  
 Which was re-echoed by each saintly soul ;  
 " Afflicted here, yet friends in Heaven thou hast,  
 Oh trust in them, those hopeless tears control ! "  
 These words of comfort entered ' midst her heart,  
 Unheard, yet felt—she sank to rest again ;  
 " Come ! " Mary said, " the balm hath had effect, "  
 And thus, she passed on with her heavenly train.

Onward they journey—Mary leads the way,  
 And soon they are beside the sick one's bed ;  
 Our Mother's arms are round the suffering one,  
 She's come to soothe him, in his Aline's stead,  
 See, how he wrestles with some inward pain !  
 His temples throb ! in vain he seeks to rest !  
 But look again, where lies that restless head ?  
 'Tis pillowed, on " our Lady's " gentle breast !

She softly whispers to the Angels near,  
 " My children, pray that soon his anguish cease ;  
 Ask for a blessing, that before we leave,  
 This tortured form from pain may find release.  
 And silence reigned within the sufferer's room !  
 Midst prayer and praise, then peacefully he slept ;  
 His anguish ceased, their task of love was done,  
 Then, back to Heaven, the holy watchers crept.

The sun rose bright upon the Sabbath morn,  
 The Church bells tolled t' announce the daily mass ;  
 It roused the care-worn Woman's restless sleep,  
 She woke ; and prayed her sorrow soon would pass,  
 'Twas her intent that morning to commune,  
 And thus, to plead for one she dearly loved ;  
 But there she lay, exhausted in her bed,  
 All void of strength—the mourner had not moved !

'Twas late : the messenger of gladness came ;  
 The mourner knew not, what she'd hear that day ;  
 She thought, perhaps ill tidings she would get,  
 For strength to bear it, she resolved to pray,

And long and fervent was the prayer of love,  
 Her heart's devotion was but scarcely o'er ;  
 The tidings came, "he's better," now she heard,  
 "I thank thee Lord, perchance I'll not weep more !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Many bitter tears, blotted those leaves : that strong-hearted man wept ! "The rock was touched, and the waters rushed forth." George Belle, that *was* a trial to you ; how did your hand perform its task ? And Aline ? *She* saw not all this ! She was pouring out torrent-words, from the fountain depths of her deep, impenetrable love. *She* dwelt on one ! what to her was the love of others ? She could appreciate their affection ; yet, it was immaterial to her. But Frank—he was her all ! for him, life was sweet. If she thought, it was of him : spoke, his name *would* blend with her words : praying, Frank was uppermost in her mind : and the most earnest petitions were those wafted on high, for the welfare of her loved one.

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## CHAPTER X.

*"When hope lies dead within the heart,  
 By secret sorrow close concealed ;  
 We shrink, lest looks or words impart,  
 What must not be revealed.*

*'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,  
 To speak, when one would silent be ;  
 To wake, when one should wish to sleep,  
 And wake to agony.*

*Yet, such the lot by thousands cast,  
 Who wander in this world of care ;  
 To bend beneath the bitter blast,  
 To save them from despair."*

MRS. HUNTER'S POEMS.

THAT, was to be a memorable day in Aline's life : how ? we shall see !



After the writing was over, Mrs. Gray brought in a cup of broth : she fed Aline, whilst George Belle supported her head. Katie and Nelly were busy about her also ; one held the cup of broth, the other stood by, with a glass of water : thus, were all her kind friends administering to her wants ; only one was absent—*that* one, where was he ? Echo answers where !

Whilst being fed, some of the broth fell on Aline's clean wrapper ; fastidious to a degree, she *would* have it changed for another, and Mr. Belle was then despatched to take his dinner : the family had dined, but he would not leave the room until the writing was completed,

Aline was re-drest, and lying down again : she called the children to sing that beautiful hymn of Montgomery's, On "Prayer ;" it was a favorite of hers, and she taught the infant lips to sing it. She loved to hear them lisp that strain, and this was just the time it would soothe her. It did, too, for she fell asleep before they had finished singing ; meanwhile Mr. Belle and his hostess came in, and sat down by her. The children were sent out to walk, and the two watchers sat talking in a low tone.

It was late when Aline awoke ; lights had been lit some time, and the children missed their dear Aline, when they came in, to go to bed.

"Mamma, who hearing our prayers ?"

"Come to me, Katie, both you and Nelly ; Aline is sleeping, and you must not disturb her."

"O Ma' ! *we* never ditturb her ; we loving her," said Katie.

"Let them come to me, Mrs Gray," said a low voice—it was Aline's. "I am awake, Katie ; come, my darlings, and say your prayers."

Prayers were heard, and the children had retired to rest : "Has George gone home, Mrs. Gray ?" asked Aline ; "Yes, dear ; he was not feeling very well, and I have just sent him away."

Mrs. Gray sat yawning ; and Aline knowing that she was tired, bid her retire early.

"I'll sleep here to-night, Alley," said she ; and leaving



the room to finish her household duties, she returned soo after, in time to check Aline weeping piteously.

"Now, that's enough, Alley; I have come here to sleep, and you are not to keep me awake, crying!"

"Dear Mrs. Gray, let me have my cry out; it always relieves me."

"But, you are needlessly distressing yourself, Aline; Mr. Ritherdon is better; does that cause your tears?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Gray; I felt very well this morning, but just now, my heart is so sad: I feel a sinking, such as I felt when my sister was about dying, and that forebodes no good to me. O Frank! my dear, dear Frank! would that I could bear your pains—your—" and the sentence was unfinished, midst a second burst of weeping.

It was miserable to see that wretched girl: by the morning she was very ill. Mrs. Gray, quite frightened at the extraordinary turn Aline's mind had taken, wrote off to Mr. Belle. He answered her summons soon after, and the Doctor was sent for directly.

"Nothing the matter, I assure you," said the man of physic.

"But she cannot speak, Sir!" was Mrs. Gray's exclamation.

"Can't expect it Ma'am; excessive weakness is no incentive to use the lungs!"

"My God!" said Mr. Belle, "she may die from sheer weakness; is *that* nothing? Doctor!"

"Certainly, my good Sir; we must give her a strengthening draught; nourish her with a little broth, now and then; and some weak brandy and water. This is all I can do; but nothing will avail, till her mind is eased."

The draught was prepared, and the doctor wished good morning. Mrs. Gray went to Aline, Mr. Belle set to think of her. That was truly a house of sorrow. The widow, mourning for her husband—the young girl, for her betrothed—that manly heart made desolate, with the waste of misplaced affection; and the two Bees, fluttering about, seeking in vain for the honey, that faded flower had afforded them.

Three days passed thus, when Aline suddenly regained strength to move about: she left her bed, and persisted in leaving the room also. Mrs. Gray thought her crazed, and tried to reason her out of this imprudent wish—but all her reasoning was needless.

What possessed her to do so? but, she rested on Mrs. Gray's arm, and walked out: her footsteps were directed to the window which faced the gateway, from the drawing-room; she desired a chair to be brought, and announced her intention of sitting there, till the post-man should enter. Mrs. Gray thought it useless demuring, so she quietly humoured Aline.

The post-man, however, did not come; and at last, fatigued out of strength, Alley laid down on the sofa. In the afternoon, Mr. Belle came in, and seated himself near Alley, smiling pleasantly. "A good omen, Alley, to see *you* here; and, if you promise to read it out to us, I'll give you a letter I have brought away from the Post Office."

"Yes, I will George; give it quickly." And a cold hand was extended, for the anxiously-expected packet. She trembled, whilst opening it, and became ghastly pale.

"Merciful Father!—my Frank!"

She closed her eyes, and leaned back—not a tear escaped from beneath their lids: the thunder-bolt had fallen on her devoted head; and its work of destruction was accomplished.

The paper had dropped from her hand, and was picked up by Mr. Belle.

"*Only* his death card—and this to her! Monstrous! inhuman!" were his exclamations.

Mrs. Gray stooped to read it. "O, I knew they would slight and insult her, whenever they had an opportunity: I told her so; but her loving heart trusted implicitly to Frank Ritherdon; and the moment he is helpless, their pride predominates, followed by its mean, filthy adherent, Revenge!"

This was spoken by Mrs. Gray, in whispered accent, and did not reach Aline's ear.

'Twould have been all the same, if spoken loudly; for, that grief-worn being was then inattentive to aught, but

the one certainty—her Frank was dead! All-absorbing was the thought: it vibrated through every nerve, and deadened every faculty, she possessed. Tears, from whence would they flow? Can a glass of frozen water melt, unless centred midst warmth? Where now was the warmth procurable, to melt that frozen heart? How then could tears force through the icy weight upon it?

Mr. Belle looked on, and wondered when those lids would open; they did presently; and she asked for the card. It was given her, and those trembling fingers kept it tight within their grasp.

Her eye-balls seemed fixtures, on those large black letters. "Friends of the *late* Frank Ritherdon, Esq.!" she exclaimed. "The *late*! gone to his last long home—my Frank, my good, dear Frank; and Aline saw thee not! Every stranger eye rested on the lineaments of that face; and those, to whose sight it was life, and light—those eyes were deprived the one last look! O my God! teach me to feel, and say. 'The sword is man's—the hand is thine!' My idolized Frank! 'Idolized!' *that* word alone carries its punishment; and, fearfully hast thou chastised me, My God! my God!"

The two listeners sat mute—every chord of their hearts touched. They saw the help coming, from whence, help alone could come, and they thanked the Almighty, source for it.

Prayer was shedding its warmth over Aline's soul—tears are not far.

She took out that gold locket, and looked intently at the hair within it: "His," she murmured, and it was re-placed.

"I'll go into my room now; will you take me in, Mrs. Gray?"

"Yes, dear!" And supported by the two friends, she reached her bed.

"Bring me my portfolio, George," and she took from thence Frank Ritherdon's last letter.

"Till death, your devotedly attached Frank," were the only words she read out—that was enough! "I believe it—I do—my lost—most valued Frank!" and the tears she *then* shed, were too sacred for other eyes to see. His own were fast filling; so George Belle left the room,

whilst Mrs. Gray receded behind Aline's bed, and wept for very sympathy. This lasted not very long; and Alley asked for Mr. Belle: he was called in by Mrs. Gray.

"George, will you add something to the Stanzas you wrote the other day?"

"Will I not? Is there anything George would not do for *you*, dear Aline?" Ah! that *you*—what a host of bitter feelings rushed with it!

The table was again drawn; and beneath the Stanzas, Aline dictated to be written—

"Frank Ritherdon—dead!"

"I'll weep no more! ah, vain, fallacious hope!  
The fountain of *my* tears shall never dry:  
The gentle heart, that beat for me, is still,  
My dearest feelings, in his grave doth lie,  
O Frank! most purely loved—thou valued friend!  
Thou'rt gone—but in my heart thou still shall live;  
I know how truthfully thou clung to me,  
Thy love was worth, *all* that this world could give,  
None shall usurp *thy* place, my buried love;  
I'll strive to meet thee, in bright realms above!"

"There—that will do, George; now leave me alone."

They left her; and, so shall we for the present.

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## CHAPTER XI.

"*Hail, Memory hail! in thy exhaustless mine,  
From age to age, unnumbered ages shine!  
Thought, and thy shadowy brood, thy call obey,  
And place, and time are subject to thy sway!  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone,  
The only pleasures, we can call our own.*"

### ROGERS' PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

A YEAR has passed—where shall we now seek that child of sorrow, Aline Rochfort? She had come to Calcutta,



with Mrs. Gray, immediately after the sad news of Frank Ritherdon's death.

Mr. Belle had previously sold his business; and, nothing loth to leave Darjeeling, he followed his friends to the City of Palaces. He had defrayed all Aline's expenses; and desired Mrs. Gray to engage lodgings for her, in the same house with themselves. He placed a sum of money with Mrs. Gray, for Aline's use; but this was so done, as not to let her know of it; and the unsuspecting girl stayed with her friends for three months, under the impression that she was labouring still for her living.

Mr. Belle lodged in the same house, and their evenings were passed together, very pleasantly. Katie and Nelly continued under Aline's charge: "You cannot live on air, Aline," said Mrs. Gray, "and your teaching my children, will avail for our mutual good. I cannot be as lavish, as my poor Stephen delighted in being towards you; but I shall gladly pay for all you may require, whilst I am here; and you will be conferring a favour on me, by guiding, and instructing the little ones, who love you so dearly, and I am sure, are beloved in return."

"*That*, you may rest assured of, my dear Mrs. Gray! *My* heart will never close up against friendly love: it is not in my nature to withhold the impress of kindness; and never, never shall I forget the unparalleled goodness, you have all treated me with. George too, is so patient; and so gently bears with my whims and humours; I really do not know, how I shall re-pay his kindness.

"I suppose, it is needless my saying, that I derive as much pleasure in the prospect of retaining my charge, as you express, in resigning them to my care."

Thus, the days were flitting by; and Mrs. Gray furnished Aline, with as much occupation as she could possibly ferret out, to keep her from brooding over her past sorrows.

"Troubles never come singly"—was a true saying in Aline's regard. The locket, which she had prized so dearly, and guarded with jealous care, was missed one morning, on her rising from sleep. For days she sought it without success, and, this was another loss, her bereaved heart could ill brook.



The *only* dear relic left her, of a never-to-be-forgotten being—and that taken also! this was surely God-willed! Was her affection for the dead *even* hateful in the sight of the Almighty?

*Truly*, He was a jealous God—not less a good and merciful God! Did this immeasurable love, *not* merit the affection, Aline had bestowed on *her* heart's idol? and then was it sufficient for Him? These were Aline's thoughts one day, as she sat weeping, after a tedious search for the lost treasure. "O my God! I feel thou art seeking my heart, in mercy to thy erring child: take it dear Lord—make it all Thine own. *Now*, I can love thee with my whole heart; even *this* last link of my wild affection, has been broken—Thy will be done."

Aline had been praying aloud; and knew not that she had a listener in the room.

"I am sure Aline, that offering has been accepted in Heaven," said George, as he now came forward; "but I think, you can love God, and spare your fellow-creatures a portion of your love also!"

"Yes, George," returned she; "now I *can* say, that God has my heart; but I could not have uttered these words with truth, some weeks back.

"I will love you all, the same; I cannot love more, or less, *now*, dear George: I must try and reconcile myself to the good God I have offended; that He may receive me in Heaven, when my life's journey is at an end.

"You cannot imagine, *how* I have loved Frank! I wonder if there are more in the world, with *my* depth of feeling? God pity them, for they need it!"

"Yes Alley! well may you say, 'God pity them'—do you know, that George Belle needs such pity? There is a second in the world, who has loved like Aline Rochfort—once, and for ever! God has pitied you, Aline, and sent a recompense for your last loss; but, if you think the contents of this little paper box, will affect your offering to Him, of your whole heart, let me keep it for you; and I promise to value it for your sake."

"What is it George? surely not my locket!"

"No, Alley! 'tis a simple token of itself; but I will not tell you what it is, until you assure me, that so many bitter

tears are not likely to flow, if you chance to lose this also."

"Dear me, no! I can safely assert that, George; I have heart for nothing now, but a second degree of love."

"But, if that locket should appear, would you re-place it to the first degree?"

"Ah, it is my locket!"

"No, 'tis not, Alley; but tell me, would you again make an idol of it?"

"No, George, I would not; I should love it as dearly, as I shall ever love that spot of earth which holds my lost one: that is a sacred affection, and can never interfere with God's."

"Well, then, see!" and a lock of hair, tied similarly to the one she had lost, was put into her hands. It was up to her lips by instinct, and—"Who gave you this, George?" was the question of a moment.

"You are to ask no questions, Aline; it was sent to you by Frank, some days before he died, but the person found no means of delivering it. He had received positive injunctions, to be sure that *you* got it; and not knowing whether you had arrived here, he kept the hair, till he could be certain of its reaching your hands. He saw us on the Strand last evening, and then, meeting me to-day, he introduced himself, explaining the reason: I went to his quarters, and this is the result." Aline looked at the hair again, and saying—"Excuse me for a moment, George," she went into her room; where we shall leave her, and return to Mr. Belle.

He continued walking for some time; then, as if a happy thought had struck him, he went up to Aline's writing table, (his gift) and taking out her portfolio, he sat down to write on it. He lifted the flap, to draw out some of her writings, before he began himself—when, out fell the locket with a piece of tape attached, along with a neatly-folded letter to his address.

"Is it possible!" was his first exclamation; and—"How pleased she'll be;" the next supposition.

This discovery, sent his thoughts a wild-goose chasing; to find out, how the locket came to be there, and Aline not seeing it so long.

"She was scarcely a day without writing; what had made her shun the magnet portfolio, ever since the locket

was missed?" This was George's soliloquy; and knowing Aline's thoughts, I shall answer it for her.

That papier maché portfolio was Frank's first gift; long before they knew how dear they were to each other. The first, mute informant, of his kindly feelings for her; and Aline did not so much as open it; lest, this dear memorial of the happy days, be prized too much, and snatched away like the rest. Aline told this to Mr. Belle in after days, and thus, I come to know it.

To return to the subject of Mr. Belle's thoughts—he recalled their wanderings; and placing the locket on the table, he opened the piece of folded paper, and was paid in advance, for the pleasing news he had to communicate to Aline, by reading the following; which, she had intended to give him, had not the loss she had since sustained absorbed all her thinking faculty.

- “ My day-dream is fulfilled at last,  
My hopes, and wishes realized;  
My greatest sorrow now is past,  
For your dear friend, so loved and prized,
- “ I've oft despaired, but still prayed on,  
With fervency, and truthfulness;  
That I should see this wished-for morn,  
When you, our Jesus would possess.
- “ I've wished, you'd at God's altar kneel,  
I've prayed that He would lead you there;  
And oh! how happy now I feel,  
That God has heard my earnest prayer.
- “ May all your prayers be kindly heard,  
And answered by the God of love,  
May your each thought, each deed and word,  
Be blessed by Him, Who reigns above.
- “ The blessing you this day have gained,  
Will peace, and consolation bring;  
Ere long I'll hear, that you've attained,  
All earthly bliss, from God our King.

“ From hence may ten-fold blessings flow,  
 On you, my good, my only friend ;  
 And when in death they'll lay you low,  
 In Heaven may all your sorrows end.”

This was dated the same day that Mr. Belle had been to Communion ; the first time since Alley had written her “ Day Dream.” She had not yet returned ; and Mrs. Gray, with the children being out, he had the room to himself ; so he sat down to write. The result was :

“ My dearest Aline,

“ What are you going to do with yourself after Mrs. Gray leaves ? So long as *I* live, you shall not work as you have hitherto done. You are not over strong, Aline, and I cannot bear to think that you are to be left with strangers, when I can make you comfortable.

“ This cannot be done, unless you give me the right I sought once before ; and believe me, George, shall exercise it with gentleness and consideration. I have written to you plainly ; let not a false delicacy prevent your replying in accordance.

“ I have tried to smother my feelings ; but now that time presses, I must waive all diffidence, and ask you to decide, whether you expect to be happy among strangers ; or the prospect of having a protector, in one, who has ever loved you dearly, is disagreeable to you.

“ Dear Aline, think of both our sorrows, if you disappoint

“ GEORGE BELLE.”

He had written his feelings, and enclosed the letter, with the locket, in an envelope ; then addressing it, he placed it on the centre table, and engaged himself with a book until the absent girl appeared. This was at least half an hour after ; and the traces of tears were not so nicely washed and powdered off, as to elude the hawk-eyes of George Belle.

“ I knew, it was the water-pipes kept you busy so long, Aline, I hope you've drained them clean out ; they certainly require an airing, after being confined by no end of crystal drops, and pocket handkerchiefs.” “ You are an incorrigible tease, George ; what are you reading ?”



“ Only ‘ Fanny Fern;’ I have just been cogitating over this assertion of her’s—

“ ‘ If a woman once errs,  
Kick her down, kick her down ;  
If misfortune is hers,  
Kick her down ;  
Though her tears fall like rain  
And she ne’er smiles again,  
Kick her down.

“ ‘ If man breaks her heart,  
Kick her down, kick her down,  
Redouble the smart—  
Kick her down :  
And if low her condition,  
On, on to perdition,  
Kick her down.’ ”

“ How truthfully she delineates *this* fact :”

“ ‘ Aye! pass her by on the other side ; speak no word of encouragement to her ; measure not her fall by her temperament or her temptations, but by the frigidity of your own unsolicited, pharasaical heart.

“ ‘ Leave no door of escape open ; close your homes and your hearts ; crush every human feeling in her soul ; teach her that the Bible and religion are a fable ; check the repentant prayer on her Magdalen lip ; thrust her back upon the cruel tender mercies of those who rejoice at her fall ; send her forth with her branded beauty, like a blight and a mildew. ‘ Stand aside, for thou art holier’—holier than the Sinless, whose feet were bathed with her tears, ‘ and wiped with the hairs of the head.’

“ Cast the ‘ first stone’ at her, O thou whited sepulchre ! though, *those* holy lips could say. ‘ Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more !’ ”

“ Just like the world, George ; they not only persecute the fallen, but with savage pleasure, crush ‘ the bruised reed’ also. ‘Tis not sufficient that God afflicts, the measure of earthly wrath can never be too full towards a fellow mortal. These are *Christians*, George ; they daily pray.



‘As we forgive them that trespass against us.’ I wonder if such people realize the length and breadth of their sins, when they kneel before God, and say. ‘Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault.’ I wonder if the thought ever crosses their mind ~~that~~ they are mocking the Almighty, by expressing humility and contrition, which, at that very moment is far from their hearts.

“Do they dream, that God is thus honoured with their lips only, whilst truth and sincerity are swallowed up by pride, which keeps the heart far from Him. They forget even personal afflictions, at the moment a target is placed for them to aim at; pride bawls out—strike—do your utmost—how dare mortal be frail? and the gentle voice of humility is drowned in this ocean of sound, when it whispers. Are ye sinless? Judge not with *your* scales, lest the Almighty weigh you in His, and finding you deficient, take away the little you now possess.”

“You speak feelingly, Aline; has any one made a target of you?”

“Yes, George! one, whom I least expected would; one whose affliction cannot be more than mine; one whom my foolish heart had made very dear; and that one may thank that honest, truthful heart to her dying day, for the affection which is a safeguard against the entrance of bitter feelings, and its host of attendant evils—so strong, that they would crush all who came beneath it.

“But then, would not God trample *me* soon enough? A worm stinging a fellow worm—yet crawling on the same earth, and receiving benefits from the same Almighty dispenser! ‘Where is thy memory?’ God would say—‘hast thou forgotten? Revenge is mine!’ Aline Rochfort does remember this; but when it is recalled to her mind, in times of persecution, the counter-passage recurs also. ‘Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;’ and she tries to feel, whilst praying. ‘Father forgive ~~them~~, for they know not what they do.’”

“But, Aline, who has been persecuting you?”

“Don’t ask me, George, I will not tell you. Had not Fanny Fern excited my feelings, I should not have given cause for your question; some future day you’ll know it.”

They heard a carriage stopping, and, looking out of the window, perceived Mrs. Gray and the little ones enter the house.

"We been to the S'change, Alley dear," said Nelly.

"And Ma' bought tarriage full of things" chimed in Katie.

"Come and change your clothes, children," called out their mother, and Aline was trotting them off into the room, when—"what's this, Aline?" asked by Mrs. Gray, made her retard their inward progress. It was the letter on the centre table, which had escaped Aline's notice by the sheltering eaves of a card basket, and now appeared to view, as Mrs. Gray made room for a vase she had bought.

"That's a letter for you, Aline;" remarked George Belle, as he passed out of the room.

We shall learn what followed, by reading Alley's journal of that day, which she wrote out before retiring to rest.

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## CHAPTER XII.

*"O wear not in thy aching heart,  
The image of the dead;  
For the tie is rent, that gave thee part,  
In the gladness its beauty shed:  
And gaze on the pictured smile no more,  
That thus can life outlast;  
All, between parted souls is o'er,  
Love—love—forget the past!"*

*Our souls are parted, but to meet again,  
But once I've loved—a second love is vain:  
If worth unmeasured, e'er can be forgot,  
Then, grateful love, shall be remembered not!"*

MARY GOODLOVE,

*"October 6th.*

"THIS has been an eventful day: I had looked forward to it, months previous to my intervening sorrows, little dreaming of blighted hopes.

“ Ah, sixth of October! one has marked thy dawn and sunset with tears, bitter as those shed by a scorned being.

“ O God! if at the day of final doom, I stand at thy tribunal, to be judged of the unconscious crime, of loving one beyond all measure good; let this repulse—this agony—this deep humiliation I have borne, plead in behalf of mercy.

“ My pen of steel, thou noter of my thoughts—Come! leave thy resting place, and with me journey on o’er these smooth, spotless pages of my book. Come! Help me to relieve my anguished soul—thy aid alone I claim to cast the burthen off—that’s weighing down my over-loaded heart.

“ *My over-loaded heart!* O God, think not these words,  
Upbraid thee for my many cares—think not  
Thy worthless child now murmurs at her woes:  
She knoweth well, what her full desserts are—she com-  
prehendeth.

In its clearest form—thy words—‘ He, whom the Almighty  
chasteneth, He loves’

And—when He woundeth, it is but to heal.—So Lord,  
I feel, my present sorrows are in mercy sent—Lest  
By the death of one I loved so well, I should offend thee  
more.

Grieving for him, as then I may have done  
With wild, impassioned grief.

Loved spirit of my Frank!

If, from thy unknown sphere, thou canst look down to  
earth,  
Then must thou know, how misconstrued is Aline’s love—  
but yet  
How fondly—gladly—willingly is borne, each harsh re-  
buke, each taunting word,  
And all the vile aspersions Aline has to hear, from base,  
uncharitable tongues.

E’en though thou’rt dead,  
And that dear, cherished form, lies mouldering in the dust,  
Thy soul is living yet! and from the far-off shore, where  
now it dwells;  
I feel, it watches with the purest love—o’er her  
Whom, during life, that fond heart ne’er forsook!

Father, in Heaven! thou the God of love!  
 What is my best affection, when compared to thine?  
 Ah, then! my fondest hopes for that departed soul—is  
     centred  
 Midst thy kind, all-loving heart—If I  
 Who loved him with an earthly love, can wish  
 With such intensity of heart, that his poor soul may be  
     released from suffering,  
 And, that Thou hast pardoned all the sins, which human  
     frailty  
 Made dear Frank commit—How greater far the wish  
 To show Thy love, and mercy toward one  
 Created by Thy hand—-one, for whose ransom precious  
     blood was shed,  
 Who was Thine own, by all the strongest ties, of love,  
 And duty's rightful link—whose life thou gavest  
 And has now recalled—O surely, Thou wilt shorten suffer-  
     ing's term  
 And place him in the dwelling of his loving Lord.

“Recovered the missing locket—

“I lost my little treasure, that lock of his dear hair,  
 I missed it with a saddened heart, and sought it every  
     where;  
 'Twas all that then was left me, of one, most good and kind,  
 Of one—whose noble-heartedness, lives ever in my mind.

I prized this hair most dearly, each fibre was beloved,  
 And how it wrung my heart to think, I know not where  
     it roved;  
 But when I least expected, and where I sought it not,  
 The truant little lock appeared, lest it may be forgot.

Now, he has sent another one, which I shall guard with  
     care—  
 From henceforth near my heart shall rest, these circles of  
     his hair,  
 My valued little treasures, till death ye shall be mine,  
 And when the coffin holds my form, there, with me you'll  
     recline!

Received a packet this morning. Ah, that anonymous letter! its writer had no conception of the pure feelings it was wounding: what cared he, or she, whether Aline Rochfort was already writhing under the detractor's fangs! 'Interested motives' indeed! they little know how valueless is gold to me—how far *above* priceless jewels, is the worth of one honest loving heart to Aline!

“‘Entrapped him for his money’—pitiful meanness! Do they judge me by their own base thoughts?

“Never mind—throb not so wildly, my heart; God is still in Heaven, He saw thy motives, and thy acts, and knows, 'twas *not* what *they* deem.

“Cast thy care on Jesus—He is still thy friend; if the Sinless was called a blasphemer, who art thou—sinful mortal, to be spared from calumny?

“‘He who has *most* heart, has most sorrow!’ True, Fanny Fern! if ever you need confirmation of this truth, come to me.

“George has written to me, intimating his renewed, prior affection; has penned it very feelingly: I feel for him deeply—why were we thrown so much together? How can I be his wife? Does he not know my heart is with the dead? Will reason with him to-morrow: poor George—I wonder he still loves me!

“Did not leave my room, not even for dinner—felt very weak: my head aches, and needs the soothing effort of my pillow—must try it. Adieu my pen.

“ALINE ROCHFORT.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“October 8th.

“Answered George's letter to-day; did not see him yesterday; kept in my room from my usual weakness; cough very troublesome: George insists on my seeing the Doctor to-morrow!

“Dreamt of Frank—such a harassing dream; it quite depressed me for the day: must perpetuate that vision—



the first since his death! I wonder why dreams are sent?  
More so, why God sent me this!

“Thou hast left me sad, and lonely—  
Thou hast left me steeped in woes!  
But, dear Frank, I loved thee only  
And this, thy spirit knows.

“Why hast thou come to see me?  
Why hast thou left thy grave?  
Do'st thou think that I'll upbraid thee,  
Few maliced shafts to save?

“What are those words thou speakest?  
What have I to forgive?  
*Thou from Aline* pardon seekest?  
*She* has but tears to give!

“Rest then easy, dearly loved one—  
Rest in peace with God above!  
*I can* bear each coarse aspersion,  
Cast on me, for thy love.

“O thou precious, buried treasure—  
My good—my noble Frank!  
Let the world my actions measure,  
'Tis now to me a blank!

“I said, that thou did'st bind me,  
By kindness—thine for life:  
I had not spoken falsely,  
Nor tested midst this strife.

“Let base hearts disgorge their vomit,  
Let proud souls their anger vent;  
I'm no coward to flinch from it,  
Our love I'll not repent.

“They knew thee not as I did,  
Thou said'st so, whilst on earth;  
In *Aline* thou confided,  
'Till death she'll own thy worth

“ Gaze not on me, so sadly !  
 Look not with weeping eyes !  
 My heart throbs wildly—madly—  
*Thy* tears, my spirit tries.

“ Then go, dear Frank—thou lost one,  
 I'll not thy peace molest !  
 May Heaven's benediction  
 On thy loved spirit rest.

“ Mrs. Gray does not leave for England till December : what shall I do, when she goes away ? how shall I reconcile George to my labouring still ? Will try it, nevertheless. Oh, this cough ! how my chest pains—my side too ; I wonder why ?

“ Felt much hurt to-day ; Katie and Nelly did not kiss me as usual. Mrs. Gray bid me kiss their cheeks, said, she would explain to-morrow ; what can it mean ?

“ George brought me a song—bid me sing it for him : beautiful music, suited to the sweet, sad words.

“ ‘ Pale, trembling stars ! above me beaming,  
 While thus I watch your gentle light  
 Ah ! my sad heart, of past days dreaming,  
 Sighs for a home, as pure and bright  
 Far from this world of strife and sorrow  
 Where happy souls in bliss unite.

‘ Though we may mourn, when friends deceive us,  
 Though we may weep for those who die ;  
 There is a hope that will not leave us,  
 Glowing, and bright—to which we fly.  
 That trembling stars, like you now beaming  
 Points to a Home beyond the sky ?’

“ ‘ A *Home* beyond the sky !’ would that Aline was there ! ‘ Oh ! that I had the wings of a dove, to fly, and be at rest, dear Lord, with thee !’

“ ALINE ROCHFORD.”

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## CHAPTER XIII.

*"You well know—this prayer of yours was twice denied before!*

*Then, thou wilt not yield?*

*No!*

*Yield, for my sake!*

*Well, for thy sake, I yield me.—If the worst come, I shall be, where none weep—and that is better."*

BYRON.

It was the 17th of November—and, Aline had only left her room that day: she has been too ill to write in her journal; and the task of noting the intermediate events, devolves upon me.

The Doctor came next day, and Aline was again in bed.

"Pain in your chest, Miss Rochfort?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply.

"Any oppression?"

"Very great, Sir—and an agonizing cough!"

"Excessive debility?"

"At times, Sir!"

"She has been wasting away," said Mr. Belle; "and, if you observe, she is a perfect skeleton."

"One would not think so, from her 'face,'" said the Doctor, smiling.

"Appearances are deceitful, in her case," said Mrs. Gray.

"Ah!" ejaculated the Doctor—then turning to Aline, he said—

"Will you let me sound you, Miss Rochfort? I wish to find out, where the root of your cough lies!"

Aline turned deadly pale: no reason now needed, for the childrens' altered kisses; she knew it all—that request had disentangled a host of perplexities—she was in a decline!

These were lightning flashes—and she gave her consent to the Doctor's wish, immediately after.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor has performed his task—Aline is the victim of consumption!

"Watch, tend, and love her," said the Doctor; "all that is now left you, to do."

George Belle heard these words calmly; but they shot through his inmost heart.

"Is it likely to be a rapid decline, Doctor?" asked he.

"Oh, no! she has had it in her system some time; she may linger a year, she may live out ten—but I warn you, she'll suffer! This weakness, coming on so often, and suddenly, will try her a good deal; and her friends, no doubt. *Good morning!*" and George Belle returned to Aline.

She was lying on a sofa, and he seated himself beside her.—"Aline, dear Aline! listen to me," he said—"I have little to tell you, but, *that little* is to be spoken in earnest, for our mutual benefit. Mrs. Gray leaves Calcutta on the 2nd of next month; where do you intend going to?"

"I am sure I don't know, George; but I must see! I was intending to advertise as a Governess, but in the meanwhile what shall I do?"

"I cannot allow you to advertise, Aline; you must not work!"

"Why?"

"Because, you are in a decline, Aline: and the Doctor has just told me, that you are only to be watched, loved, and tended—that you may linger a year, you may live out ten—but, as a sufferer!"

"No one will have the heart to accept of your services, Aline; and even, if some may engage you, would *you* receive payment for services *not* rendered? I am sure not!"

Aline buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept.—"This was a home thrust to her—"Great God!" she murmured, "what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you, Alley—and I feel, it has been so ordained, that I should answer that appeal to our maker."

"How, George?" asked Aline, looking up through her tears.

"Let us drive down quietly to our parish church—and I'll put a little gold ring on that finger, which, with the assistance of the Priest, and the blessing of Heaven, will make you my wife!"

"What, George! are you mad?"

"Perfectly sane, dear Aline: who can love and tend you, like George? and, when Mrs. Gray leaves where can you be more safe, than with a husband?"

"You astound me, George; though, I deeply feel your goodness. Would you wish me to utter untruths at the Altar? Could I promise to love you, when I can never cease loving the dead? Am I not going to join him even now?"

"We shall both join him, Alley, I hope; *I* may, before you: but, be that as it may—regarding your promise of love, do you not love me at all, Aline?"

"Certainly, George! I have loved and respected you long, long before this."

"That is sufficient, Aline; you can most conscientiously pronounce the marriage vow, if George Belle is not hateful to you."

"That, *he* never shall be," said Aline, weeping again.

"Don't be silly, Aline! *I* know how dearly you loved Frank; I can sympathize with you, from my own love. Did I not almost worship you, Aline? and God took you from me, only to teach us both a lesson, on the sinfulness of such idolatrous affection. We are both wiser now, and dependant on each other—I, for your love, and the light of your presence; you, dear one, for care, and protection. *My* love, you do not need, because you do'nt care about it, yet—"

"No more, George, I cannot bear it: I am yours from hence; only, let me always love the memory of the dead—and all the esteem, respect, and tenderness my heart can afford, it shall regard you with, dear George. Will that do?"

"Yes, Aline! and may God bless our union."

We must draw the curtain now.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the list of passengers, going in the December Steamer, were the names of Mrs. Gray and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Belle.

A private wedding had taken place at the Convent church, on the 22nd of November: and the little Bees hovered round orange blossoms, on that occasion. That



night, Aline sat down to fill up the day's journal, with strange feelings. "George," she said, "I always write, before retiring to rest ; else, I cannot sleep for hours. Do you wish me to discontinue the habit ?"

"You shall continue all your habits, my Aline, so long as your health does not sustain injury from them. Your pleasure shall be my happiness ; write on, Alley, I shall read meanwhile."

"Then you shall inspect my pleasures ; my kind, indulgent husband : won't you ?"

"Anything to please my own dear wife—I will !"

\* \* \* \* \*

*" 22nd of November.*

"My wedding day ! George Belle is my husband : he deserves a better heart than mine—but he has chosen for himself, may God bless our married life ; all that *I* can do, to render it a happy one, shall be fondly, and faithfully accomplished.

"Had not prayed since the time I arose this morning, could not do it—the words choked me.

"Prayed after my marriage—will note that petition !

"Good God, I feel I'm doing wrong, in thus neglecting thee,  
Touch thou my heart, and change its course, send grace,  
and peace to me ;  
Grief hath benumbed my power and will, in earnestness to pray,  
O shed thy light upon my soul, restore its peace to-day.

"Unhappy I have been, dear Lord ; against Thee I have erred  
And yet, Thou helped me in my need—most truthful was thy word ;  
But I, frail creature, promised Thee, in gratitude to bend,  
Ah ! soon I murmured, ere I knew, the blessings thou would send.

“O God, my Father, pardon me, for each wrong act and  
 thought,  
 And guide me still to think and do, in all things as I  
 ought;  
 Jesus, Redeemer, plead for me, repentant now I kneel,  
 May prayer, my safeguard ever be, its blessings may  
 I feel.

“I experience a calm happiness now; God’s mercies are  
 indeed bountiful! To have my last days soothed by the  
 hand of affection, and then to meet my lost, dear ones in a  
 better world. O blessed hope!

“I must not write more—George waits: his affectionate  
 kindness will ever be appreciated by

“ALINE BELLE.”

## CHAPTER XIV. AND LAST.

*“To die for what we love—Oh! there is power  
 In the true heart, and pride, and joy for this;  
 But, ’tis to LIVE without the vanished light  
 That strength is needed.”*

*“It is but dust thou look’st upon. This love  
 This wild, and passionate idolatry—  
 What doth it, in the shadow of the grave?  
 Gather it back, within thy lonely heart,  
 So must it ever end: too much we give  
 Unto the things that perish.”*

MRS. HEMANS.

A WEEK has elapsed, in busy preparation for their de-  
 parture. Katie and Nelly have been in a fever of expec-  
 tation; each asked for a box from Aline; and then,  
 Nelly remarks to her sister, “Katie! what shall we put  
 up in our bôtses?”

“Dolly—what more we having?”

"Dolly! who ever putting Dolly in botses? Go away Tatic—I asting Alley now!"

Alley had anticipated her question, before the boxes were given; and now, she took both prattlers to her husband. "Here, dear George, are two little applicants for things to fill their boxes with; shall we supply the beggars?"

"Can't you take empty boxes, you monkies?" asked Mr. Belle.

"My goodness! who going to England with empty botses? Ma' patting botses. Alley patting—old Peggy patting—only we got nothing!" said Nelly. This eloquent speech, gained them a couple of books, "with George and Aline Belle's love;" together with sundry dolls; household furniture of Lilliputian size; and carriages and buggys—the black tin horses of which, were for ever starting off, with heads erect. All their things were sent on board in the evening, and the children would persist in their "botses" going also. Aline humoured them; and the last great injunction Mr. Belle received, on going to arrange their Cabins, was—"Tate tare, Mitter Belle—teep our botses nicely in the tabin!"

Last page of Aline's Journal.

*"December 30th.*

"This has been a day of excitement—the last of my stay in dear Calcutta. All that is dear to me, I am leaving, with the exception of my husband; and he is taking me to England, with great reluctance. Went with George to see the graves of my lost ones: Father, Mother, and Sister, all in one spot of earth! O my Parents! your child has perhaps looked her last on your graves—she may never return. And you, my darling Olivia! 'Tis long, since Aline parted from her girlhood's companion—the cherished Sister of her orphaned heart. We, too, shall meet, dearest; a happy family, in a holy sphere!

"Frank! dear, lost Frank! we have both knelt over thy grave—earth, most precious to Aline!

"This last act of George's, has drawn my heart closer to him; truly good, and noble-minded is my husband; how

kindly he yields to my every wish. God will surely bless him, for the tenderness he bestows on his broken-hearted wife.

“That grave which holds my dearest affection—how it clings to my mind, and recalls its now cold habitant, in all the freshness of health, and animation !

“ I miss that soft persuasive look,  
In vain that voice I wish to hear ;  
That form, which Aline ne’er mistook,  
Tho’ mouldering now, is still most dear

“That spirit, frolicsome and good,  
That courage by no ills dismayed ;  
That patience by no wrongs subdued,  
That gay, good humour—could it fade ?

“ Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye,  
Cold turf, which I no more may view,  
Dear precious name, breathed in each sigh  
My own loved Frank, Adieu—adieu !

“ Ah, this last adieu ! of what ? Those lips that had uttered endless assurances of love for Aline—they move not now ! Those truth-speaking eyes closed fast in death ! Those hands—ever ready coadjutors of a feeling heart—all stiff and motionless !

“ O life and power that I might see,  
Thy visage, swelling to be free !  
Come near, O burst that earthly cloud,  
And meet my head now lowly bow’d :  
Alas ! in corded stiffness pent,  
Darkly I guess thy lineament !

“ I feel a hand untwist the chain  
Of my deep love, with strange, cold pain—  
From round my heart : this bosom’s bare,  
And less than wonted life, is there :  
O well may flow these tears of strife  
O’er broken cisterns of my life.

“ Because my life of thine was part,  
 And thine, the blood-drops of my heart !  
 I was the channel of thy love,  
 Where more than half thy soul did move :  
 How strange, yet strong o'er me thy claim,  
 No earthly power can burst the chain.

“ My punishment that I was far,  
 When God unloosed thy weary star ;  
 My name was in thy faintest breath,  
 And Aline in thy dream of death ;  
 In that dark hour, when bonds remove,  
 When none are named, but names of love.

“ Yet, sweet thy rest from mortal strife,  
 And cruel ills that spanned thy life :  
 My own—I dare not call thee more,  
 But from thy distant, unknown shore,  
 Ask Aline's heart for monument  
 And hers shall be a large content.

“ Enough, on this subject—it tries my spirit.

“ Farewell ye graves, most cherished spots of earth,  
 Farewell thou land, where Aline marks her birth ;  
 The orphan leaves thee, for a far-off shore,  
 Life's ebbing fast—she may return no more.  
 She loves thee still, for such is Aline's heart,  
 When once 'tis bound—with pain and grief doth part ;  
 Though all she loved in life had hornet stings,  
 Her memory to them, with affection clings.  
 The child ; the sister ; the betrothed, each felt,  
 Her life blood drawn, for the deep love she dealt ;  
 That fountain source, now calmly flows on death,  
 The wife alone goes free, with waning breath.  
 Adieu Calcutta ! land of dawning joy,  
 My setting happiness, hath grief's alloy ;  
 May I return, and Aline's body have,  
 A resting-place akin to each dear grave.”

“ ALINE BELLE.”



\* \* \* \* \*

And Aline Belle did return to have her last wish fulfilled: her husband prolonged their stay in England until she had become acquainted with all he thought worth showing her. The climate was inadaptably to that fell disease—consumption; and Aline was hurried back to India, before the year of their absence had expired.

They arrived at Calcutta on the 11th of September, and on the 9th of October, my “black twinklers” saw the light of day. Three days previous to my birth, from the memorable 6th of October, my mother took to her bed, and never left it, till the 13th of December—when, her long suffering spirit soared away from earthly bondage, and on my afflicted Father devolved the heart-rending task of committing the lifeless form of his cherished wife, to its Mother earth.

Her grave was henceforth his only visiting spot; and as in life she had delighted in flowers, so, in death, he caused numberless, fragrant blossoms, to shed their beauty, and perfume around her grave.

Papa could not bear to see his baby Aline crowing merrily, in unconscious bereavement; it was worm-wood to his widowed heart. So, the dear old Convent became my home, and whilst my stricken parent travelled, almost round the world, his child was reared with unceasing care, by the Loretto Sisters; to whom, George Belle now owes the unrepayable debt of parental gratitude, for so ably fulfilling the duties of his lost Aline, towards his motherless daughter.

We have been, together, to see Mamma’s grave: a marble cross heads it, and a white slab bears this inscription:

#### HER HUSBAND’S LAST TRIBUTE

To the Memory of

Aline Belle.

*Died—December 13th, 18—.*

“Beloved I shall love thee,  
 So long as life floods on;  
 My buried wife—most fondly,  
 Till death I am thine own:  
 The heart thy husband gave thee,  
 Shall not to others yield;  
 The daughter thou hast left me,  
 Lost Aline, is my shield.

“Thy goodness wove around me,  
 A life-long soothing spell;  
 Enthralled my heart so sweetly,  
 How deeply—words can’t tell.  
*Thou* needed no assurance,  
 To tell thee of my love;  
 For well thou knew its durance,  
 From thee it ne’er could rove.

“’Twas not a flimsy curtain,  
 By fickle fancy cast;  
 That veiled a love uncertain,  
 Dispersed by every blast.  
 The tendrils of affection,  
 Around my heart entwined;  
 For thee, that heart’s selection,  
 Too deeply is enshrined.

“Thy truthful, deep devotion,  
 Was, all the world to me;  
 It was a healing lotion,  
 Poured on my soul by thee:  
 My wounded heart’s physician,  
 Bright Star of my dark lot;  
 Reward of love’s petition,  
 Thou ne’er shall be forgot!”

No, never, my Mother! echoes thy child

ALINE BELLE.

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*Loretto House, December 13th.*

MY VERY DEAR ALLEY,

Is it not strange that I should complete the perusal of your mother's history, on the anniversary day of her death? I did not begin reading, until I collected to the end; and only looked over the parts of your letters alluding to your health, and other minor passages.

You may well be impressed with sadness, at your Mother's sad lot: I was so gloomy since I learnt it, that, our merry Sister Philomene, had to draw on her reserve fund of gaiety, to infect my spirits. I would fain abide by this interesting theme, but I must defer my intended sayings, till we meet, which, I hope will not be long hence.

Our examinations come off on the 21st—and Minna May is anxiously expecting the day, when she will again see her dear Alley.

We are busy, learning our parts—there is to be a French and English play. I have no more time to spare for writing. Adieu, dearest Alley—write to me soon, but I want some cheering news in your next letter.

Your's always affectionately,

MINNA MAY.

*Alley's Home, December 19th.*

MY DEARLY-LOVED MINNA,

YOUR note came to hand yesterday, together with the invitation from the Nuns, to attend your examinations.

It so happens, that I *have* cheering news to communicate: do you know, you are my Sister now? Papa intends to bring you away on the 21st.

I can imagine this piece of paper, dropping through those dumpy fingers, and Minna May sitting, with hands folded on her knees—the “thinking cap” on her head.

Take the forsaken letter up again, Minna—*continuez ma nouvelle, Sœur.*

Papa has been raising a heap of surprise for me; and not till his piling labours were completed, did he consider my inability to mount it without aid; so he set to work and erected steps for my ascent. I suppose, you are wise as ever you were? "That incorrigible Alley, *will* beat about the bush!" Whose exclamation is this? But see, she comes to the right path at last!

Mr. Belle sent his compliments to the Lady Superioress of Loretto House, and begged that his daughter's friend, Miss Minna May, would be allowed to pass a few days at "Alley's Home."

Thereupon—the Lady Superioress wrote in reply, that she much regretted her inability to oblige Mr. Belle; as Miss May's guardians were in the Mofussil, and the Loretto Sisters had special injunctions to allow her no extension of acquaintance. The receipt of this missive, caused Mr. Belle to take to railway travelling again; and, on a fine sunny day, the train sped him downward to Calcutta. He called on the Lady Superioress, ascertained particulars of the Mofussil folk, and therewith despatched a letter to the Post, for their especial consideration.

The answer to this enterprising epistle, was read to me by Papa. It runs thus:—

"SIR,—My niece, Miss May, you may consider as your daughter, by legally making over the sum of 12,000 rupees, which I am entitled to, at her death, if she be not married before that event transpires. Were I in better circumstances, I should have removed my niece from the Convent, and saved her boarding expenses; but, as I am living here, very poorly, I could not reconcile it to my conscience, to deprive her of a comfortable lodging, for an indifferent one.

"In the expectation of hearing from you,

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"AUGUSTUS MAY."

"Doubtless, my clever fellow, you wish to hear again from Mr. Belle!" was my soliloquy, after Papa had finished reading.

How clearly, the prevaricating Augustus solves the enigma, my numb has been racking in vain to find out, *viz.*, Minna's endless stay within the Convent walls!

Ah, Augustus May! could some magic lantern have conveyed to your sight, the peace, happiness, and innocent mirth, which whiled away your niece's girlhood under that tranquil roof; that "still, small voice" would not have been so applaudably obeyed, and the coveted twelve thousand may have been yours by this.

"Take care, Minna, you do not cheat the cunning goose, yet! But Papa has spoiled that sport, by gratifying the money-hunter: and the veritable Augustus, has resigned all right and title to his niece, in Mr. Belle's hands."

Papa had intended to keep this a mighty secret, till the day he brought you; but I told you before, that such doings were impossible with him, besides, another fairy bed arrived yesterday, and then, concealment was impossible; so, he made a virtue of necessity, and revealed the hidden plot, to Alley.

I must leave you now, to enjoy your surprise; all the Nuns knew of it, but were asked not to tell you. Papa bids me ask you for a nook in your loving heart; I tell him, no! he must make his own requests. But *entre nous* Min; was not that nook filled up, when you had proceeded half way of this letter? and, does not the name of Alley's dear Papa cover the space? you can answer me bye and bye—for the present, I subscribe myself

Your delighted—most affectionate Sister,

ALLEY BELLE.

END OF PART SECOND.



## PART THIRD.

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# PEREGRINATIONS OF A FLY.

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## CHAPTER I.

"DISGUSTING creature!" And a snowy handkerchief wafted clouds of scent, as it brushed away a poor, unoffending fly.

"You are inflicted with impatience to-day; what's the matter, Alley?"

"A nasty, annoying fly, Minna; I cannot get it off my face!"

"It only wishes to kiss your rosy cheeks, Alley; poor thing—let it alone."

"O indeed, I *like* that! note it down, Papa, among the peculiarities of your daughter Minna—a liking for *poor flies*: I wonder what we'll have next on the list!"

"If every item is to correspond with this heading, I doubt, Alley, whether your Papa will ever form a correct estimation of my disposition."

"Never you fear, Minna; if I attempted such an improbability, as to book you for any quality deviating from truth, yonder saucy girl would not rest, till the insertion was sponged off, even by her own hand."

"That speech denotes that *our* Papa has correctly divined his Alley's disposition, and he shall have a kiss for it—there!"

"'He gives twice, who gives quickly,'—proper saying that—so, please Miss Minna, if you intend sharing my rights and pleasures, do so at once, or leave them alone. The number one of Alley's rights and pleasures, is in saying.—'My Papa:' and number two, in adding 'our Papa;'"

and only when *strangers* are present I speak of *theirs*, as *your* Papa. Which do you think is your right now, and would afford you pleasure?"

"I shall follow the medium course, dear Alley, and delight in using my newly-constituted right, by saying 'our Papa!'"

"Yes, and you shall be 'our Minna!' won't she Papa?"

"Undoubtedly, Alley! it will no less delight me to be the father of such good, affectionate daughters."

"That's right, Papa!—Minna; when we want certificates of character, we'll know where to come—won't we?"

"Yes, to our Papa; and we must try to retain good ones, always."

"Oh, no striving required at 'Alley's Home;' no incentives to cause one losing character there!"

"That shows a tendency to vain glory, Miss Aline Belle: vaunt not of your tranquil home, for even within its precincts we daily pray—lead us not into temptation."

"I am corrected, dear Papa; and the succeeding petition I uttered there, this morning—'But deliver us from evil' has been answered just now, I am certain."

"Yes, my child; by our checking the proud thoughts your mind may have fostered, and thus allured you into a host of evils."

"And, Alley! can you discern the medium of God's preventing care, in this instance?"

"Tell me, Minna!"

"That disgusting, annoying fly, Alley! Had it not buzzed near you, our conversation would have tended otherwise; and our Alley would have lost the lesson she has now learnt, and profited by."

"Where has that fly gone? Ah, there it is! see Minna, it is bent on staying with us; how cozily it sits between Papa's coat collar!" and a pair of melting blue eyes were directed to my hiding place; but the momentary glance turned toward's the road, on Alley's exclaiming—"Here's the Station!"

I thought it safest to be with my champion; so, winged my flight to "Alley's Home," under the shelter of Minna's bonnet fall.

We passed a very pleasant evening; only, I was rather tired flying from room to room, along with the Sisters, as they took the rounds of this delightful residence; and I felt glad, when I saw those four eyes closed in sleep, within each little bed.

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"Now do you credit my description of our waiters, Minna?"

"I never doubted it Alley; though, I was certainly puzzled to understand you properly. Yes, these shells are so beautifully arranged, that one would never take them to be, each a drawer: I declare! there are the little birds too; well, they *have* brought carved work to perfection!"

"I am glad you acknowledge it, Min; but does nothing else attract your notice?"

"I remarked almost all last evening, Alley; every thing is very nice, and comfortable: I cannot but admire the taste and beauty with which your home is embellished, and——"

"Your home? Stop directly, you perverse creature; now just come here," and she dragged her astonished companion towards the *Prie Dieu*.

"What *are* you about, Alley?"

"You'll see presently, Miss May; only keep in mind, that I am serious as a Quaker."

By this time, Minna was made to kneel on the pink cushion, and Alley, following her forced example, did the same.

"Now, I am going to make a solemn declaration, Minna; and I leave it to your heart's dictates, to pronounce a similar one."

"I take thee, Minna, to be my own dear Sister: to have, and to hold, from this day forward; for better, for worse; for richer; for poorer; in sickness, and in health; till death us do part.

"With all *my* worldly goods, I thee endow; and hereto I plight thee a Sister's troth."

Minna looked into the speaker's face, with swimming eyes, and met the gaze of those "black twinklers," all sunshine and shower. The next moment, a tighter grasp pressed on Alley's hand, and she heard in low accents:—

"I accept thee, Alley, for my dearly loved Sister; to be one, in spirit, and interest; faithful at all times; enduring, in all seasons. May the undivided Trinity bless our mutual troth; may holy spirits register it in Heaven; and, may Mary guard us, motherless Sisters." "Amen," rejoined Alley: and the Sisters were clasped in a loving embrace: but I did not stop to see what followed; feeling pecked by hunger, I flew off to the kitchen for my breakfast.

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## CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT sped away without any notable event transpiring. Early mornings were passed in drives, Alley declaring, that she would not mount Black Ned, until Minna had been taught to ride; so, each morning, whilst Alley attended to her duties, Mr. Belle exercised his other daughter, on Black Ned's back. He was fortunate in the purchase of a gray mare, which he presented to Minna; and "Gray Nell" was mounted this morning for the first time, by its Mistress, whilst I rode away on her hat feather.

We had a pleasant ride over the country, and were returning home, quite warm, and rosy, (my insignificant self-excepted) when Minna's mare took it into her head, to stumble against a huge stone; and, not being quite an expert horse-woman, she allowed herself to fall off, before Mr. Belle could come to her aid. This happened before Mr. Cleveland's premises; and the old gentleman was in his garden, when the accident occurred.

Minna was more frightened than hurt, and stood leaning on Alley, all pale and agitated, when Mr. Cleveland advanced out of his gate, and asked them in, to rest awhile. "We are not total strangers, Mr. Belle," he said; "and it affords me great pleasure to resume our acquaintance, although I regret the cause."

And he bowed to Minna.

"It is a mutual gratification," replied Mr. Belle; "Mr. Cleveland—my daughters."



"This is but a commencement of the pleasure, we hope to derive from our introduction, Sir!" exclaimed Aline, bowing. "My Sister always coincides with me; and you must take her silence in assent to my wishes; she is tongue-tied just now, from nervous fear!"

The old gentleman bowed, and Mr. Belle suppressed a smile at Alley's *non chalance*: they had walked into the house, and the horses were sent home; the party intending to walk back the short remaining distance, as soon as Minna felt recovered.

Their host would not admit of their departure without partaking of refreshment, and the young ladies were asked if they liked milk.

"Vastly!" was Alley's reply.

Mr. Cleveland looked at Minna, as if to inquire whether *she* had no voice; and she understood it directly. "We are not singular, Sir, except in unity: *I* shall relish a glass of milk as well as my Sister."

Shortly after, glasses of fresh, frothy milk were brought in, and the gentlemen had their tea also. We parted almost immediately, with an interchange of general invitations; I was lagging behind, near the gateway, when I heard Mr. Cleveland say—"Clipping girl, that; the other's very gentle—almost too quiet! I never heard of Belle having two daughters—and they are so unlike in appearance: strange contrarieties in this world—I suppose this is one!"

The second evening after this encounter, Alley and Minna were playing on the piano, and their father stood behind, with a hand on each of their shoulders, counting time for them; when, the gong announced a visitor, and the salver was brought in, with Mr. Cleveland's card "Salam do," said Mr. Belle; and he followed, to receive the old gentleman.

"Very glad to see you, Sir!" said Alley, as he entered.

"And I, not less!" rejoined Minna.

"You have been playing, young ladies? I shall be sorry for the interruption, if my presence retards your recreation!"

"Not in the least, I assure you, Mr. Cleveland: you shall be a listener to our music, as well as Papa, though



we'll absolve you from attention, if not worth your while! Come, Minna dear; music hath charms, although we lack savage breasts to soothe here."

"Doubtful conclusion that, Miss Belle; how do you know, but that a degree of the ferocious abides in mine?"

"Dear me, no! you don't look as if you can bite—I'm a good physiognomist, believe me!"

Thus passed the evening of Mr. Cleveland's first visit; whiled away with music and pleasant chat.

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### CHAPTER III.

THREE months gone: fidgetty flies generally grow tired of monotonous scenes, and this was my case.

I have just returned from a cruize at other stations, and find the inmates of "Alley's Home" happy and well.

It was the evening of April 18th, and I was perched on a beautiful white rose, watching three girls in the conservatory. From their conversation, I ascertained that Mr. Belle had gone to Calcutta, and Mr. Cleveland was expected to take tea with them. But why all this flowery preparation? Stupid fly, can't you guess? And so I did.

The morrow was to be the anniversary of Mr. Belle's birth-day; and, there was some plot under weigh, to surprise him. At the little table stood Alley, Minna, and Jenny, with a profusion of vases and flowers before them; themselves weaving, and arranging garlands and bouquets.

"Don't you think, geraniums and blush roses will have a pretty effect together, Alley dear?"

"In what Min?"

"In a garland!"

"Yes, very nice! Who's that Jenny?" inquired Alley, as the gong sounded.

"Three gentlemen, Miss Alley; and Mr. Cleveland is one."

"To be sure, Minna! I wonder who that old roley poley has kidnapped for our inspection?"

"How you *do* talk, you mad cap," said Minna; why should he have *kidnapped* those young men?"

"Young men, Minna! you call them young men? Why, they are only children of a larger growth; and if he has not been kidnapping, the good old magician must have resorted to the powers of darkness, to call these young men into light, so suddenly. I declare! they are not such Lilliputs, as I conjectured at that distance."

"Hush, Alley, they'll hear you, dear!"

"What will be the odds then?"

"There may be no odds, Alley; but I anticipate some ends, were they to hear you."

"Listeners seldom hear good of themselves; besides, I have never been ashamed of my sayings and doings, and 'twill take a great deal beyond this, to make me. I am going to sing now," added she; and, as the trio ascended the steps, Alley began singing:—

"What are young men made of—made of?—  
Powder and puff, and all such stuff,  
And such are young men made of."

"Is that your private opinion, Miss Belle?" asked Mr. Cleveland, as he entered; "because, if it is, I had better give retreating orders to two of my nephews, whom I had commanded to march to 'Alley's Home,' for the purpose of encamping there till further orders."

"The present order for marching, is—forward! please Mr. Cleveland communicate it to your nephews, before I answer your question."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old gentlemen, "Capital!" and he called out—"Here youngsters, march forward I say; obey General Orders from Head Quarters!" and Alley's "black twinklers" winked woefully wicked, at Minna; who required all her force of good breeding, to keep from laughing. Meanwhile, the advancing company had halted, and the old gentleman introduced Messieurs Algernon and Charles Cleveland, to the Misses Belle.

"An unexpected pleasure, gentlemen," said Alley; "I regret the absence of our father: but his daughters greet you with an equal welcome, to that which awaits Mr. Cleveland's nephews, on Mr. Belle's return!"

The young men bowed, and declared themselves highly gratified at the present reception—"it was just what

they expected; from their uncle's eulogiums on his new friends."

"Don't believe them, young ladies," said Mr. Cleveland the elder; "they are suppressing a multitude of sins against you, under that smooth address."

"Warm reception indeed! *I'd* rather take it as a saucy one; at least, from Miss Alley: why, young men! she pronounced your material ingredients, to be powder and puff; and—what else, Miss Alley?"

"And all *such* stuff!" replied that young lady, with a mock sneer.

"Are you open to conviction against that delusion, Miss Belle; or, is such your firm belief?" asked Algernon Cleveland.

"Why, to speak the truth, Sir, I have formed *no* idea on the subject; for a very good reason—the entire lack of opportunity. My good Sister there, was lecturing me upon mad-capism; and a freak possessed me, to make bad, worse, by singing you, my knowledge of bachelor's arts. I am of an unbiassed mind, Mr. Cleveland, and so is my sage Sister, Minna: we shall undoubtedly judge for ourselves, and 'twill be the fault of your brother's, if you do not obtain the badge of merit, at our hands."

"A mark of honor, these model young men will doubtless appreciate," said the old one.

"Assuredly we shall, Uncle," answered Charles Cleveland.

"Have you arranged those vases, Jenny?" asked Minna, as soon as the hum of voices had ceased.

"Yes, Miss Minna!"

"You may go now, dear; let us know, when tea is ready."

"What are all these flowers for?" inquired old Mr. Cleveland.

"Will you help us to show you, Sir?" replied Alley.

"Do you need extra aid, Miss Belle?" inquired Mr. Cleveland the second; "here are two willing hands."

"Here are two more!" said Mr. Cleveland the third.

"Thanks, gentlemen! my Sister and self *will* avail of your proffered assistance, to deposit our flowery work, in their destined places."

All hands set to work ; and every spare nook and corner on the library tables, were soon covered with vases of flowers. Such a mounting of chairs, and hanging of garlands, never was seen before ; and then, there were flower screens to be hung up at each door and window ; but Mr. Cleveland advised, that they should be fixed on next morning, and kept out in the air, all night. Jenny came in, and informed them, that tea awaited their presence in the drawing room.

"From labour to refreshment, gentlemen," said Alley ;  
 "And from refreshment to music," said old Mr. Cleveland.

"I suppose we are at each others' service," exclaimed Alley ; "and will be mutually obliging. Time flies fast ; so, walk out, gentlemen—Minna, I'll take your hand !"

The remainder of the evening passed away merrily ; and they parted, with the arrangement to meet early next morning, to complete their arrangements. The doors were then barred ; the dogs let loose ; and the three girls were left all alone, within the house : they possessed themselves of their own room, and were soon sound in sleep.

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## CHAPTER IV.

THE following morning the same party assembled in the library, and every hand was engaged in the decorations.

"But why are these garlands placed on the walls, Miss Belle, would they not look better over the pictures ?"

"They are intended as veils for our little presents, Mr. Cleveland, and the pictures would only be in their way."

"Ah, I see ! but, what are these presents ; shall we place them now ?"

"Come this way, Mr. Inquisitive ; and you shall not only see the presents, but help to arrange them, if Minna will direct you."

"Will you, Miss Belle ?" asked Charles Cleveland.

"Presently, Mr. Cleveland," replied she ; "wait, till I fix these flowers on the curtain clasps."

"China roses on white muslin ! I certainly admire your taste, Miss Belle."



"Why? does not the contrast show well?"

"Assuredly it does; did you think I spoke ironically?"

"Yes, and I condemned your taste directly."

"Did you? I must undeceive you then, and show you a specimen of my taste, some day; will you allow me, Miss Belle?"

"Certainly! but come, I am at your service now."

"You had better be quick, Min, or we shall not be ready to admit Papa, when he comes."

"Oh! I'll keep him out, until you signalise readiness," said old Cleveland.

"Miss Belle! will this do?"

"Who took my name in vain?" asked Alley.

"Not guilty to that charge," replied Charles Cleveland. "I spoke to your sister."

"Well then, I'll thank you to find out a mark of distinction, Sir; I cannot keep twisting my neck, each time you gentlemen hail my Sister."

"I tell you what, young folks, I shall be the only Mr. Cleveland here; then, there will be no mistakes. Mr. Charles, and Mr. Algernon will join me, in addressing 'Miss Alley,' and 'Miss Minna.'"

"Thank you, my good uncle!" said Algernon, laughing; "I'm sure, Charles and myself would much rather you left *yourself* out, in this instance."

"Time enough for that, young man;" said the old one, winking significantly. "At present, attend to your business in the flowery line, and speak to Misses Alley and Minna—I am going to read."

And busy fingers kept moving; and merry words kept flowing; whilst the library was being transformed into a scene of enchantment. Each window and door shaded midway, with flower screens; and the white curtains waved over them, in beautiful relief, looped aside with Minna's China roses.

Four garlands hung on the walls, and in the centre of each, was pink paper, which hid the presents beneath. The four corner whatnots, had Argand lamps on their topmost shelves; the white pedestals of which, were wreathed with a pretty pink creeper: the centre hanging lamp, was likewise entwined with blue convolvuli; and



verbenas, sweet-briar, myrtle, and lavender scented the room, from their ever-so-many scattered vases.

When all the arrangements were completed, the gentlemen went home to dress, and breakfast, in time to be ready for Mr. Belle's return; whilst the girls took their morning meal, and equipped themselves, for the performance of their fanciful plot.

All the domestic duties for the morning were accomplished, and the Sisters ready: all the library doors were closed; the flower screens fixed on; the lamps lit; and Jenny, drest in a white muslin frock, seated herself at the door-way, on a low Ottoman—a basket of bouquets in hand, for the benefit of each visitor.

Within, on the couch, reclined Alley—robed in pink gauze—the dress confined at the waist by a wreath of silver leaves, and the large loose sleeves looped up to the elbows, with the like trimmings. Her dark hair fell in natural curls; and over her head, was a large, square lace veil, bound on her forehead by a demi-wreath of moss roses: a bunch of the same decorated her dress, and she held a scrap of paper, which now and anon, she kept unrolling.

Minna sat on the easy chair; her's was a dress of white tarlatan, trimmed similarly to Alley's, with green leaves: her hair was braided; and a long lace veil fell carelessly at the back, bound on the head by blush roses. She was writing at the centre table, What? We shall soon know.

A silver bell sounded presently, from without; and the door opening, Jenny ushered in the morning's visitors. They stood in amazement, at the sight of the Sisters, as each appeared, in their aforesaid positions. "Pray, be seated, gentlemen," spoke Minna; "I am busy writing, and must not be disturbed; Alley will entertain you, till Papa arrives."

"I find myself in a labyrinth, young ladies," said Mr. Cleveland; "pray extricate a bewildered old man."

"Just follow your nose out, old gentleman," said Alley, "and if you wait there, to bring Papa in, you'll reach the leading path from the labyrinth."

Mr. Cleveland laughed, and did as he was directed by the saucy girl.

"Now, Mr. Algernon, you are to sit on that chair *a la negligé*, until I think fit to present you, to *ma bon père*; and you, Mr. Charles, please sit by Minna, and be most zealously interested in the acrostic she is composing. I shall do the needful, in the introductory line, in proper season."

"I'll do your bidding, Miss Alley," said Algernon Cleveland, "if you don't intend me to enact dummy, on my chair, until Mr. Belle touches my power of speech, by the magic wand of his presence."

"What's that in your hand, an address to *Votre Père*? *Montrez-le moi, Mademoiselle!*"

"*Je vous rends mille grâces; pas encore, monsieur.*"

"*Comme il vous plaira, Ma'amselle Allie; votre serviteur très obéissant.*" And, not a second elapsed before carriage-wheels sounded, causing a perturbation within each of those young breasts.

The bell rang again; and this time, Jenny entered also, with the gentlemen. Mr. Belle started back a step, the moment he beheld the scene. The lamps with their wreaths, shed a gay lustre over the darkened room, the flower screens—the garlands—the numberless flower-vases—and last, though not least—his daughters, all wove a spell over him, by their beauty, and scent.

This was the work of a moment; and both girls came forward, to meet their father: they embraced and kissed him alternately; and then, quietly led him to the easy chair. He looked on smilingly, and lovingly, wondering what would follow; when Alley beckoned the young men, forward, and said—"Duty first, pleasure afterwards! We promised these young gentlemen a hearty welcome, Papa; and I beg to introduce, Messieurs Algernon and Charles Cleveland, to Mr. Belle!"

"Right welcome are they," replied he; shaking hands with both, most cordially. They retired to their seats, and then, Alley and Minna knelt before their father, the former saying:—"

"Thy children bless thee on thy natal day;  
Dear father bless us, whilst we kneeling stay."

"Bless you, my children!" replied Mr. Belle "may you always be near me in life, thus, to warm your father's heart."

Minna took up his words, and said :—

“ *G*reat, and sore have been the trials,  
*E*re this, thou hast undergone ;  
*O*nward, hastening thro’ life’s journey,  
*R*eaching paths, both drear, and lone :  
*G*od in mercy bless our father,  
*E*ase his cares, as age draws on. ”

“ *H*eaven reward thy many sorrows,  
*E*arnestly thy children pray ;  
*N*ow alleviate anguish,  
*R*est and peace, the past repay,  
*Y*ielding joys for many a day. ”

“ *B*lessings tenfold, be thy portion,  
*E*’en for all thy children gain ;  
*L*oving them, thy days pass sweetly,  
*L*oving thee, we’ll joys obtain ;  
*E*re we rise, *O* bless again ! ”

Then, the paper from which this was read, was presented to Mr. Belle ; and Aline gave her scrap also. It was a sketch of her mother’s grave, which she had taken on their last visit to that spot.

“ You have sweetly earned this second blessing, my beloved daughters : Heaven reward your loving hearts, for bestowing its wealth on your father. ”

“ I shall preserve these memorials of my forty-fifth anniversary, until *my* heart is pulseless ! ”

The girls arose from their knees, and every eye was tearful : old Mr. Cleveland advanced, and shook hands with them, “ God bless you all,” he said ; “ why, it has done my shrivelled heart good, to witness such a soul-felt interchange of affection. ”

“ Come here, dear Papa ; we have to take you round the room ! ” said Alley. And he held a hand of each, as they led him to the first garland.

“ Read ! ” said Alley again.

“ Smooth be your path, and soft your tread,  
 From henceforth by your children led. ”

"Lift!" said Minna; and Mr. Belle discovered a pair of slippers beneath—"From Papa's dear Aline." She was kissed for it, and off they went to the next garland. Mr. Belle read

"Lift up this cover, and you shall see,  
A couple of hearts lie waiting for thee."

"Ha, ha!" said he, and peeped beneath. A pen wiper, formed of two velvet hearts, hung there: one marked with an A., and the reverse one with M.

Both got kisses for this, and they travelled to the next. "What's this?" asked their father.

"A comfortable smoking cap,  
Just for an after-dinner nap."

And such a one was found there—"For Minna's dear father, with her grateful love."

The usual reward, and the last garland was inspected. Mr. Belle read—

"We Sisters twain, this offering make,  
Our joint hands' work, Papa dear, take!"

It was a large package; and, on the wrapper being removed, showed a white counterpane, crocheted with thread, in a most elaborate pattern of fruits and flowers.

"So, it was for me, all this work has been going on, for the past three months?"

"Yes, dear, good Papa, for you!" replied Alley. "Do you think, we were daily, almost hourly, to receive the most untiring acts of love, at your indulgent hands, and not exert ourselves in the least to do something for you?"

"Besides, dear Papa," added Minna; "we have gratified ourselves, in causing you to be pleased."

Jenny now came forward, with her gift—a couple of snake-shaped paper weights, which *she* had had made at her own expense.

"Accepted with great pleasure, Jenny;" said Mr. Belle, "and I thank you sincerely, my good girl, for remembering me."



He shook hands with her, and Mr. Cleveland took him out, before his feelings were fairly overcome. The young men followed, and the girls went to change their dresses, appearing soon after in their daily garb. The library was set right again, only the flower decorations remaining for the day. The Uncle and Nephews were invited to remain till after tea; and the time sped on very pleasantly.

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## CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

"MINNA!" exclaimed Alley one morning, as the Sister were dressing; "Minna!"

"Well, what is it, Alley?"

"Do you know Mr. Cleveland intends going to England very soon?"

"Going to England! who told you so?"

"Why, himself, Minna!"

"And what has induced the old man to think of leaving his comfortable home?"

"You had better ask *him* that question, Min; I doubt not he'll tell you."

"Then, I suppose you don't know who takes his place here: are Algernon and Charles going also?" and the questioner became a shade whiter, while the questioned, seemed to have extracted the wanting colour, from her Sister's face.

"Algernon does *not* go, dear Minna; his wings have been clipped by my young ladyship."

"By you, Alley? What power have you to keep him back?"

"I see, you are a bad hand at guessing; is it not strange' Min, that we should know each others' secrets, and yet not reveal them? So unlike us!"

"I knew yours but too well, Alley; and—"

"And, *I* knew yours long ago, Minna. I expect *you'll* soon be soaring away to some glen, or another; I had better clip your wings in time. You goosey! don't you understand yet?"



"Yes, I do now! we are to keep Algernon back as '*ma beau frère*,' and I am then to kiss you, *ma bonne sœur*, as *l'épouse*. *Je m'en réjouis, chère Allie*." And the Sisters were regaling themselves at the spring of joyous tears, drawn by the cup of affection.

"I am so happy, dear Alley; how long have you hid this from me?"

"Only a short while after I knew it: this morning, after our ride, when Papa called me into his room, it was to give me a sealed letter to my address; I asked him from whence it came, but he only smiled, and bid me read it there. Here, Min dear, I'll read it out to you!"

"MY DEAR MISS BELLE,

"Your Papa will deliver this for me, and you will then know, that you may safely answer me as your heart dictates.

"I have pursued this course of making known to you my feelings, because, I feel convinced that you would always sacrifice self to the wishes of your father; and, 'twere best to know his sentiments, before I appealed to his daughter. That daughter has been loved for months, by Algernon Cleveland; and he now offers her an affectionate heart, and a stainless name, if Aline will but share his home, and trust to Algernon's love, and honor, to render that home, a happy and comfortable one for her.

"Your father can have no objection, if he has given you this letter; as I wrote, and asked him to return it, if his approval and consent accompanied not, so, I shall be in hopes of realizing my dearest wishes, this evening, by hearing, that Aline Belle will not disappoint

"ALGERNON CLEVELAND."

"And, she will not, Minna; but I must tell him what Papa said."

"What's that, darling?"

"Why, that '*Alley's Home*' must be Algernon's Home, so long as Papa lives. That dear, loving soul, cannot *now* part with his children, neither can Alley be sundered from her father."

"But, Alley! how can you stay here after marriage? unless Papa builds above this."

"A magician will answer you this evening, Min; he'll leave 'Alladin's lamp' in your charge, and lo! a room will soon appear for Mrs. Cleveland elect. *Le connaissez vous, Mademoiselle Minna?*"

"*Je crois que je le connais, Allie; comment s'appelle-t-il?*"

"*Ah! un amant, Mademoille, à cause de vous.*"

"*Taisez-vous, Alley! vous avez tort de la croire.*"

"*C'est de fait, Min; je puis vous assurer!*"

"*Oui, en vérité, je vous crois, ma bonne sœur.*" And the girls had a hearty laugh, then went off to their Father.

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"So I am to have a niece at Woodbridge Glen, Miss Minna?" said old Mr. Cleveland. "Do you not intend to congratulate me?"

"Do you need my congratulation, or my sympathy, Mr. Cleveland?"

"Sympathy! what the deuce am I to want that for? Do you think I am badly treated, Miss Minna?"

"We may attract sympathy, without being badly treated, Mr. Cleveland; are there no other grievances in this world, besides ill-treatment?"

"Well, just come to a stand, Miss, and help me over my present unconscious one!"

"I certainly congratulate you on the prospect of being Alley's Uncle; but I must dispel all your day-dreams, of installing her at Woodbridge Glen. Don't look like that, Mr. Cleveland! I shall be fancying that you *have* been suppressing 'the ferocious' in your breast, all this while; pray, don't let it escape for my punishment!"

"Upon my word, Miss Minna! you make me imagine that *you* have the lion's skin on, just now; with this difference—Minna Belle, and *not* a donkey wears it."

"Why? do you think I take savage delight in driving away your niece from Woodbridge Glen?"

"Oh! spare yourself *that* troubles, my good girl; I *shall* keep my niece at my house, I warrant you; and with *your* consent too—I never have day-dreams!" Minna smiled incredulously, and the old man said—

"I must not sit here any longer, Miss Minna; you'll give me the blues." So he walked off towards Charles and Mr. Belle, who were playing at chess. Alley and Algernon were at the Piano, and Minna went to the library to amuse herself by writing, her general resort, when troubled in mind.

Her thoughts must have been with the newly affianced couple, for the product of her pen was—

"Algernon! from Heaven may blessings descend,  
On you and dear Alley, and ne'er may they end;  
May you and your loved one be happy together,  
Such is my fond wish for my Sister and Brother.

"As your hearts are united, may you be made one,  
Ere the sand of your lives much longer hath run;  
Then may it flow on, and thou traverse together,  
Till the bright land is gained by my Sister and Brother."

She folded it, and sat, wrapt in a "brown study:" when suddenly recollecting her absence from the drawing-room, she erected herself on the chair, and thought aloud—"This will never do; Minna Belle must not forget, that she once was Minna May!"

"She may remember herself as both, if she'll consent to be Minna Cleveland;" said a voice near her. It was Charles. There was no blushing—no fluttering of heart pulse; but, the hand that Charles Cleveland drew within his own, was cold, and ashy white were the lips, which moved not in reply.

"Speak, dear Minna! have I asked too much? Do you need the telling of any preliminaries? Would Charles ask one to be the partner of his life, whom he did not love well enough to share it with? And has he guessed wrong in thinking, Minna loves Charles too?"

"He has discerned Minna's feelings quite correctly, Charles; but, Papa! what does he say?"

"That he sent me here, to ask *your* confirmation of *his* consent. Will you give it, Minna?"

"With sincere pleasure, and may God bless our mutual love, dear Charles."

They left the library soon after, and had no sooner entered the drawing-room, when Alley struck up "See the

conquering hero comes!" Charles led his betrothed to the old gentlemen, and Mr. Cleveland called out. "Come here, you vixen, Alley, and bring that scrapegrace also! Now shake hands all, will you!"

This done, and Mr. Belle gave his blessing to the new applicants! Mr. Cleveland said—

"Now, Miss Minna! will you dispel my day-dreams? Shall I not have a niece at Woodbridge Glen?"

"If the anticipation gives you pleasure, may the reality not decrease it, dear Mr. Cleveland!"

"If it does, I'll just change my mind and travel north; and I'll seal my threat with a kiss—*there!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Father Steveson was invited some months after to "Alley's Home," to perform the marriage rite for four hopeful beings; and, in the little Chapel at Serampore, four loving hearts, united hands for life.

Charles and Minna, took up their quarters with Mr. Cleveland; who declares he'll be obliged to travel soon, and kisses Minna each time he threatens her.

Algernon and Alley have been retained by Mr. Belle; and when the old gentlemen chat over their Brandy-pawnee, just watch them, and you'll hear most interesting facts, (?) mutually related, about that scamp Arthur, toddling in his pinafore; and, that pipsy popsy George, crowing at the sight of his grandpapa!

Jenny is still with Aline. "*La femme de chambre* is now *la garde!*" and the Orphanage has supplied the Sisters, with three other attendants. I left my friends very happy, and comfortable. When last I heard Mr. Belle speak, he was saying—

"A peaceful dwelling on earth: and then, a lasting Home in Heaven; followed by a glorious meeting of dear ones, met, to part no more;"

All's well, that ends well! do you coincide, dear reader?

"You may, or you may not; yet, I hope you'll say good  
bye;

And part, with kindly feelings toward the friendly Fly"

END.





**STRAY LEAVES**  
**FROM**  
**MY VERSICAL STORE.**

## TO THE READER.

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's-self in print!"  
Ere I've appeared, thus—many a one doth hint:  
But, let me tell you, reader, 'tis not so;  
More pained, than pleased am I, in print to show,  
The feelings, which were better kept at home,  
Had not base minds already made them known.  
Strove well, some grains of mis-judged truth to gain,  
Diluted these, from scandal's fœtid drain:  
And then, with savage pleasure, joyed to think,  
Their rotten mixture I was bound to drink;  
But vain, the nauseous draughts these hands prepare,  
God nourishes His fainting children here.  
'Tis not a needless interest to incite,  
Say rather, criticism I invite;  
Neither intend I to parade my grief,  
From public sympathy t' obtain relief:  
Too well I know, that Heaven-born charity,  
By harsh derision will out-balanced be!  
'Tis ever so, for in this world we find,  
To bide the stronger cause most seem inclined;  
And so, 'tis well, compassion's not my need,  
I but defend each cruelly blackened deed!  
And for my offspring's sake disown the stain  
Which, Heaven knows, wrongly marks their Mother's  
name!  
To my condemnors I would only say,  
Go through *my* trials, *then* speak as you may;  
Judge not so rashly, lest adjudged ye be,  
By the Great God, who knows both you, and me!  
Now, to all those who charitably view,  
The weaker side, and yield kind feelings too—  
That same high power *the Merciful* will bless,  
And, for such prays, the grateful Authoress.

---

## TO HIM WHO WILL BEST UNDERSTAND IT.

Who was a merry-hearted girl  
 With spirits in perpetual whirl  
 Whose will, harsh words could never twirl?  
A Child!

Who learnt that I was chiefly swayed  
 By kindly words?—and who then made  
 Great promises, which truth displayed?  
Say—was it you?

Who had a strong unbending will  
 Which would not yield to aught—until  
 God planned subservience to instil?  
A Child!

Who came my wilfulness to cure  
 Who, with consummate tact did lure  
 And made his victim fast and sure?  
Say—was it you?

Who left her childhood's home, and went  
 And though advised would not relent—  
 To trust *soft language* still was bent?  
A Child!

Who offered me a happy home  
 “Where every blessing would be known  
 And kindness should be always shown?”  
Say—was it you?

Who, when the marriage-hour scarce passed  
 Heard—“now you are my own at last,”  
 Who felt *that night*—her doom was cast?  
A Wife!

Who from that night my fears awoke?  
 Who soon my haughty spirit broke?  
 Whose hand bestowed each brutal stroke?  
Say—was it you?

Who now could truthfully dilate  
On cruel wrongs—till recent date—  
And injured feelings satiate ?

A Wife !

Shall I appeal to God—or you ?  
Was all this treatment vile, my due ?  
Who first proved base, and then untrue ?  
Say—was it you ?

Who now could laugh to scorn—when told  
That *you* assert in language bold  
My rights with justice you with-hold ?  
A Wife !

What man is that whose tongue now dares  
To speak gross falsehoods—When *God* hears ;  
Who, scarce a word of truth declares ?  
Say—is it you ?

Pray, can you say—if not, God can !  
Who five long years tried every plan  
To bear with, and reclaim *a man* ?  
A Wife !

Who, after these five years of strife  
Spent two apart—led such a life !  
Then came, and drove away his wife ?  
Say—was it you ?

The world may have its own base thoughts,  
And countless be vile slander's shots ;  
On me they mark no wounded spots.  
But pass me by !

And you, whose quiver, arrows lack !  
From *you*, a borrowed one I track,  
Which, conscious virtue flingeth back  
To its own kind !

*You* know this not ? Ah, well you ought !  
How ceaselessly from you I sought,  
The love, with which my heart was fraught,  
O'er flowingly.

They've raised a stone to cast at me!  
But dare they hurl it!—*God* will see  
'Twill fall on *them* redoundingly!  
Beware!

'Tis needless mortals to persuade  
You've acted right, can you evade  
*One eye ?* from Truth your *God* dissuade ?  
Beware !

Pause!—for your life is fleeting bye  
Heed!—my last sleep is drawing nigh :  
Gladly I leave this world—to die  
This world of care !

The past is now forgiven by me—  
I hope I shall forgiven be—  
By *all I've* harmed—(unconsciously !)  
In life's past course.



I've bid each one a last adieu,  
 Pride held me back—I named not you—  
 Farewell—and to yourself be true—  
 Farewell!

---

## 'A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED!'

AWAKE my muse, and draw the strain,  
 Which my sad memory loves so well;  
 To "Kindness" tune thy notes again,  
 And sing to "Friends" with whom I dwell.

Kindness from them, I've known—indeed,  
 Of this, there is no better proof,  
 They sheltered me in time of need,  
 When those who *knew me*, kept aloof.

They've nobly braved the hue and cry,  
*Professing* Christians loudly raised;  
 They've firmly practised "Charity,"  
 Whilst *pious souls* their act dispraised.

Though each, another faith doth own,  
 Our kindred spirits have *one* creed;  
 "The Homeless," with them finds a home,  
*They've* trampled not, "the Bruised Reed,"

The Sinner's Friend—Almighty God—  
 In *mercy* sent those friends to me;  
 Each path of sorrow, which I trod,  
 In *justice* He directed me.

O'er these kind hearts, may blessings flow,  
 And to my prayer, may Heaven give heed;  
 May hapiness be theirs below—  
*My* grateful heart, shall say—"God Speed"—

---

“FOR THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO TAKE IT.”

HERE'S a cap of flying colours!  
Bright lustre will it shed  
Upon a certain, smooth-faced-man—  
*Just fitted to his head.*

Here's another glaring bonnet!  
Which—*who* do you think should wear?  
A woman—who is always *seen*,  
The *Christian's* flag to bear!

Come round—ye Fathers, Mothers!  
And see *how well* they look!  
Pray advance—ye Sisters—Brothers!  
Mark *this* leaf within my book.

View that man! Behold that woman!  
Each, *well* knows what I possess  
Now they'd rob me—(this is human)  
But I doubt of their success.

That man—himself a father—  
Looks not to his *own* home  
But taints a stranger's child with spots  
He well may mark—his own.

*That* woman is a *mother*!  
And by *my* child she sends;  
A message—couched in coarsest words,  
*My mother's* heart thus rends—

These people have a brother,  
Oh! *such* a *darling* one;  
Their eyes ne'er open to his faults,  
No! *how* could this be done?

Put your bonnet on, “old Lady”!  
Draw down your cap, “old man”!  
Shade well your saintly features,  
They're *too* beautiful to scan.

## TO A COMPASSIONATE HEART.

LADY ! such a one is thine,  
 Surely thou art tender-hearted !  
 Since we first had met, and parted,  
 Harsh condemnors trampled mine.

Lady ! when thou spoke to me,  
 'Twas an act I least expected ;  
 Had'st thou then, my heart inspected,  
 Grateful throbs beat there, to'ards thee.

Lady ! thy few words probed deep,  
 Kindly feeling had performed—  
 Instant work—my cold heart warmed,  
 Fain would I, that moment weep.

Lady ! God above us knew,  
 When I took thy proffered hand ;  
 Scarcely had I strength to stand,  
 Yet, most thankful breath I drew.

Lady ! such, indeed thou art !  
 Kindly notice harmed thee not ;  
 Never shall it be forgot,  
 By my crushed, and broken heart.

Lady ! should this greet thy sight,  
 O accept this, as a token ;  
 Words, in gratitude now spoken,  
 Yielding me sincere delight.

Lady ! now I'll bid adieu :  
 Then I blessed thee—ever will ;  
 Thy kind acts, yet sweetly thrill—  
 Bless *thee*, Lady—bless *thine* too.

---

## FRIENDSHIP'S FLOWER.

"THE Flower of Friendship," oft I've culled,  
 From many a tree, most fair ;  
 And placed it nearest to my heart,  
 Until it withered there.  
 Though hours have passed—months, years, have  
     sped,  
 My constant memory cleaves ;  
 With fond remembrance, bringeth back,  
 The scent of those frail leaves.

"The Flower of Friendship" ever had  
 Affection's warm caress ;  
 It blossomed sweetly, drooped, and died,  
 Yet, was it not loved less.  
 My loving heart, felt friendship's void,  
 Which one rare flower then filled !  
 'Twas labelled "priceless"—thus hath death,  
 Now, friendship's deep thirst stilled.

The moral of my "Friendship's Flower,"  
 All earthly hearts should know—  
 Ne'er put your faith on friends below  
 They seldom share your woe.  
 But if, perchance, one may prove true,  
 In joy and grief—sincere ;  
 Out-step not bounds—but trust in God—  
 For Friendship blooms not here.

---

 TO A DEAR SISTER.

MY Sister ! dearest Sister !  
 A time, there yet will come ;  
 When, the absence of thy ready hand,  
 All—all will feel at home.

You've treated me unkindly,  
 My acts you've misconceived ;  
 But, when I'm mould'ring in the dust,  
 My wrongs will be perceived.

My dear—my best loved Sister,  
 () may that day ne'er dawn ;  
 When, your slighted Sister's willing heart,  
 Be needed by her own.

You've oft-times shown me kindness,  
 Your acts then seemed not cold ;  
 These are the few, bright, treasured thoughts,  
 My care-worn heart doth hold.

My Sister ! O my Sister !  
 May glad suns on thee shine ;  
 May no such sorrows cross thy path,  
 As those, which chequered mine.

May'st thou ne'er feel the torture,  
 To be an unloved wife ;  
 To have thy best affections crushed,—  
 Thy days to pass 'midst strife.

My ever precious Sister,  
 May thy sad lot ne'er be ;  
 A wedded life of misery,  
 Which fate assigned to me.

My days are not the longest,  
 This world's receding fast ;  
 Deep in the earth my heart lies crushed,  
 There I'll find rest at last.

My good, my darling Sister,  
 God bless thee, in this life ;  
 May my fond wish be realized,  
 To see thee a bless'd wife.



Then will my voice be lifted,  
 In gratitude above ;  
 And with a Sister's heartfelt prayer,  
 Ask Heaven to bless thy love.

But, ere that, should my spirit,  
 From earth have soared away ;  
 A boon I crave, loved one, of thee,  
 Say—wilt thou for me pray ?

Yes ! pray, dear Sister, for me,  
 'Tis but a lightsome task ;  
 To plead for pardon—mercy—grace,  
 This, wilt thou for me ask ?

---

## THE HEART—ITS SORROWS.

*Composed for O. R. S.*

THE Heart ! The Heart ! its tender soft emotions,  
 Who can discern, but those to which 'tis bound ;  
 Drawn by the cords of magnet-like affection,  
 Which needs not time to fasten it around.

The Heart ! The Heart ! Ah ! who can guess its sorrow,  
 When those once linked in love are called to part ;  
 Those forced ofttimes a passing smile to borrow,  
 And quell the throbbings of a sickened heart.

The Heart ! The Heart ! who can depict its sadness,  
 When severed from the one by which 'twas loved ;  
 Its hopes all fled, and withered all its gladness,  
 Left sad and lone, with thoughts that far have roved.

The Heart ! The Heart ! with all its wild sensations,  
 'Tis vain to fathom, and vague to pourtray ;  
 'Twill take its course, in its strange predilections  
 'Twill fix its dwelling, and from thence ne'er stay.

---

## GOSSIP.

YE people of Calcutta town,—  
 (A place of scandalous renown—)  
 Come, heed a busy Bee ;  
 Who flies about all day—quite bright,  
 And hears about a coming light,  
 Formed of a rush—you'll see.

Into a house I went one day,  
 And heard a lady loudly say—  
 “ Of course you know, Miss Polly—  
 That I've subscribed to this new book ?  
 I'm sure 'tis scarcely worth a look,  
 Yet, we must see her folly.”

“ Yes, I should like to read it—much,  
 But good ?—I doubt if 'twill be such,  
 When coming from *her* pen !”  
 “ You right, by saying so, my Sally ;  
 She's *such* a bad—I *know*,—she r'alley—  
 She correspond with men !”

“ Indeed !” exclaimed the startled hostess,  
 “ Pos'tively, Madam ! but the worst is,  
 To every one I tell it—  
 The men all saying—rot ! rot ! rot !  
 And only few to hear, I got,  
 And then some not believe it.”

“ But, Madam ! are these folks her betters ?”  
 The host then said—“ to show her letters—  
 The shame *more* theirs, than hers :  
 To spread these tales, is far from right,  
 They do not every ear delight,  
 Not mine—I thank my stars !”

Thus, was the gabbling lady snubbed,  
 The daughters, bonnetted, and gloved,  
 Now beckoned to their mother :  
 Who rose, and said—“ Good bye to you,”  
 And so the trio bid adieu,  
 We leaving all together.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hastened home and had a snooze,  
 Then winged my flight at evening's close,  
 And reached the crowded Strand :  
 An open carriage suits me best,  
 So, soon on one I flew to rest,—  
 Its folks looked *would-be grand* !

“ Just fancy—there she is ”—said one,  
 “ Now watch—she'll try my face to shun :  
*That* woman has no shame !  
 So bold ! she cannot keep at home,  
 When she must know her acts are known—  
 A bye-word is her name ! ”

A man—(I know moustache he sported)  
 From dicky-box, this speech then *snorted*—  
 “ O, Jessie ! did you see ? ”  
 “ Of course I did ! ” and Jessie laughed,  
 And made large eyes—whilst Nell remarked—  
 “ Yes, Uncle ! so did we ! ”

Even a Bee disgusted feels,  
 So, on a tub fixed on four wheels,  
 I flew away and perched :  
 But, mercy on me !—even there—  
 Four eyes kept turning every where,  
 And for some object searched.

At last a carriage dashed away,  
 And then, I heard the lady say—  
 “ O, William—there she is !  
 Just see the face she has put on ”—  
 “ Too late, my dear—the garry's gone  
 And in it, her *sweet phiz* . ”

I waited not to hear the rest,  
 But doubted not—they said their best,  
 To fill up scandal's balance :—  
 Upon a tree I staid—*pro-tem*,  
 To view the motley sight—and then  
 I flew into a Clarence.

A lady sat—another chaffing—  
 “There go your friends—now don’t be laughing,  
   But see how hard they stare;  
 There go some more!—now *do* turn round  
 You little lady—eyes are bound  
   To look at you, my dear!”

To look, the other would not durst,  
 “I wont,” she said—“I’ll surely burst  
   Out, laughing at them all.”  
 “Well, laugh away! what if you do?  
 They cannot think much worse of you,  
   Or splash you with more gall!”

“Pish! they may think what best they like,  
 But what does me with wonder strike,  
   They tell no end of *lies*:  
 They’ve said—I went on bended knees  
 With folded hands I said, Oh! please  
   *Let me see one I prize!*

“And, that the man to whom I knelt,  
 For me no kind compassion felt,  
   But said he’d turn me out;  
 And to this threat I gave no heed  
 But bathed in tears—I still would plead  
   Until they *shoved* me out.

“I’ve never done this—never would,  
 To man, or woman, bad or good:  
   ’Tis fabricated—all—  
 “A man once asked—‘*au vat you vant?*’  
 Etcetra—’cetra—But he can’t  
   Say this was near *his* walls.”

“I tell you they’re beneath contempt,  
 These people who in vain attempt,  
   To make me what I’m not:  
 ’Tis well that I’ve a conscience yet,  
 More truthful than this black-tongued set—  
   *Exaggerating* lot!

"They're ladies! and they're gentlemen,  
 (These terms I'd just define for them,)  
 And then—they're Christians too:  
 That I'm not such I feel most glad,  
 Let them be good—and mark me—bad—  
 'Tis all that they can do.

"What I have borne few women could—  
 Endure so long few women would,  
 In silence each gross wrong:  
 I'd sooner cause my tongue to rot,  
 But satisfy *them*—I shall not!  
 Though foes may muster strong."

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Then far away from them I flew,  
 And placed myself where no one knew;  
 Upon a sculptured feature:  
 A living group sat in that room,  
 Talking about—just think, of whom?  
 Not of a fellow creature?"

Oh, no! but come, you'll never guess,  
 'Twas of this rush-light authoress,  
 Deuce take her, and its gleams:  
 I thought *my* buzzing loud enough,  
 But this new talk is dinning stuff,  
 An endless theme it seems!

Well! what was I about to state?  
 I'm so bewildered—but just wait  
 I'll tell you in a minute:  
 Oh!—all these people said that night,  
 About this (now most sickening) light,  
 Condemned before they've seen it.

"Oh, Delia! I have famous news,  
 This Robert heard it on his cruize,  
 About the town to-day:  
 A book is to be published here—  
 The authoress d' you know, my dear,  
 Is—who do you think they say?"



"That horried, shame-faced little *cat*,  
 She only wants more sneering at,  
 And that is why she's written :  
 She wants the world to think her clever  
 (The stupid creature) I shall never !—  
 Here, George! pick up my mitten!"

"She write a book?—it's nonsense—tush!  
 And then, 'tis called a farthing rush?  
 The title suits her well!  
 A rush is but a worthless light,  
 And hers can never shine more bright  
 This—any one may tell."

"Oh!—it must be some silly trash,  
 Just got up, to obtain her cash,  
 For buying something new :  
 I doubt—if she'll get many sold—  
 Who'd like to risk their useful gold?  
 Not I! and sure not you!"

"I like this woman's impudence ;  
 My daughter told her mother once,  
 That she disgraced their name :  
 And now she's writing all this stuff  
 As if we have not books enough  
 Ourselves to entertain."

\* \* \* \* \*

I had enough for that bless'd day,  
 So took to wings and flew away—  
 At home I saw my brother ;  
 He told me, he had just returned  
 From Sandheads far, and there he learned  
 About some light, or other.

And that a Scotchman there had said,  
 He "*wadna* in a house *ha' staid*,  
 For a' *they luv'd* that woman :  
 Her actions were not *snawy* white,  
 To keep her they were *naw yis* right,  
 I tell *ye* it is *true, mun*!"

And then—a long, long yarn he spun,  
 Anent this most deceitful one,  
 Who used her friends most ill :  
 Who fed and housed with them—yet wrote,  
 Ungratefully—in many a note,  
 Yet shelter her they will.

“ Stop, stop, dear brother !” I exclaimed,  
 “ This day I’ve information gained,  
 Sufficient for the evil ;  
 But, I’m convinced this *Christian* set,  
 May do their best—they’ll never get,  
 This woman to the devil.

“ That same good God who made each Bee,  
 And loves and watches you and me,  
 Will guard this woman too.”  
 So, then I bid my brother sleep,  
 And now, good folk, this “gossip” keep,  
 The Bee bids you adieu.

---

### MORAL ADVICE !

YE *high-born* ladies (?) gentlemen (?)  
 Ye low-bred women, low-bred men !  
 All kinds—of *either gender*,  
 Pray veil your eyes—and guard your ears ;  
 Remember also—say long prayers !  
 To God—thanksgivings tender—  
 That you’ve escaped *such* sinfulness  
 Committed by *this authoress*—  
 So wicked and so bold !  
 Avoid her sight—why look at her ?  
 They’re past recal—her actions are,  
 And *modest* ears, we’re told,  
 To sinful tales should not give heed,  
 And *proper* tongues—speak of no deed  
 The world considers wrong.  
 Take my advice—this woman shun—  
 You’re all much better—every one—  
 Move off—she’ll pass along !

---

## ACROSTICS ON TWO SISTERS.

*A*FFECTIONATE, and kind, I know thou art,  
*N*eath all wild actions beateth a warm heart,  
*N*e'er shall the needy ask of thee in vain,  
*I*njured, oppressed ones, sympathy shall gain,  
*E*'en those who grieve thee, pardon will obtain.

*E*llen thou art apt in learning—  
*L*ight my task in this discerning,  
*L*est I should be too severe,  
*E*llen! I shall add no more;  
*N*ow my pen,—I'll leave thee here.

## ON MY LOST INFANT.

*M*y infant daughter! short-lived was thy stay,  
*A* few short hours on earth—thy spirit passed away;  
*R*eclaimed by God, with angels sent to dwell,  
*I*n Heaven thy anguish ceased, but, who could tell,  
*E*'en as thy birth caused pains, death wrung my heart too well.

## TO MY BOYS.

*J*OHN and George, my own dear children,  
*O*ffspring lent me from above,  
*H*eaven direct thy earthly sojourn,  
*N*e'er in sinful paths to rove.

*G*eorge and John, may Jesus bless thee,  
*E*arrest is thy Mother's prayer,  
*O*'er my boys may Angels hover,  
*R*escue them from every snare.  
*G*o with Mary through thy journey,  
*E*ver trust her fostering care.

*J*esus show my children Heaven,  
*M*ay they find their portion there.

# ON SOME BAD POETRY WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,

## ON HUMAN FOLLIES.

“ HUMAN hearts *are* fraught with folly ;”  
Who can boldly say—“ I’m wise.  
Oft, in foolish deeds we revel,  
Whilst our neighbours, we despise.

Follies, doubtless should be short-lived,  
Waste of thoughts, words, deeds, and time ;  
Then, erase your rash effusion,  
Try again, but write in *rhyme*.

Bring your words in proper metre,  
If to verse, your taste inclines ;  
Do not, on *your* folly tarry,  
Spare *good* Albums, from *bad* lines.

## POSTSCRIPT.

’Tis not a sage from whom these words proceed,  
But one—whose follies, may be, yours exceed ;  
Though I advise you not to write bad verse,  
In other follies I, perhaps, am worse.

---

## PREJUDICE.

THOU harsh, unkind, and senseless thing,  
Why dost thou here intrude ?  
Our dwelling ne’er had sheltered thee,  
None felt thy acts, so rude.

Thou monster ! get thee hence from us,  
We love not enemies ;  
And thou art one, unto our peace,  
Cold, heartless Prejudice !

Ah! thou didst instigate our friend,  
To leave his home and go;  
From kindred hearts, congenial minds,  
Which he full well doth know.

'Twas thou that urged his steps away,  
When he would fain have stayed;  
Thou bade him hate, all void of cause,  
And by thee was he swayed.

We love thee not—we want thee not,  
Then Prejudice, begone!  
We love our friend, but not his faults,  
Quit—quit—he's then our own.

---

## TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

*March 31st, 1854.*

I TENDER you good wishes,  
And hope you ever may;  
Be blessed with health and happiness,  
Commencing on this day.  
May your best wishes be fulfilled,  
And, may it be your lot;  
To be beloved by all your friends,  
And you, forget them not.

---

## ACROSTIC.

*L*ONG—long hast thou lived in this world of woe,  
*E*re many years pass, from its sorrows thou'lt go;  
*O*h! happy the hour when thy sojourn is o'er,  
*N*igh unto thy God, thou'lt greet a new shore.  
*O*h then! with what gladness sweet Jesus thou'lt see!  
*R*esplendent with glory, yet, mindful of thee,  
*A*h! then, my old friend, say a kind word for me.



*T*hy joy will be heightened, when Mary appears,  
*E*nthroned near her Son, whose greatness she shares;  
*R*eward'd by Him, for her anguish, whilst here,  
*E*'erlasting her bliss in a holier sphere,  
*S*till humble, still lowly, to thee will she turn;  
*A*nd ne'er from her bosom, a sinner she'll spurn.

*S*moothly, and calm, may thy days glide on,  
*M*ay blessings attend thee, thou aged one;  
*I*n the home of thy Son, where thy loved ones reside,  
*T*hus long hast thou dwelt—still longer abide,  
*H*op'ful in God, till a change doth betide.

## TO A FRIEND,

### ON RECEIVING A SCRAP BOOK.

To you—good-hearted friend,  
 Thanks—very best I send;  
 And ask you to accept,  
 For the book, which I have kept—  
 Kind wishes beyond measure:  
 Yours, I'll retain with pleasure—  
 And time will show you yet,  
 That kind deeds I ne'er forget.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kind words are treasured just as well,  
 And valued more, than tongue can tell;  
 Though time rolls bye; and people change;  
 And fate, my brightest hopes derange;  
 Each gentle word, by friends once spoken,  
 (Tho' friendship's links be bent or broken,)  
 In memory's chain, once forms a link—  
 Deep in my heart, those words doth sink.  
 Thus, when harsh accents reach my ear,  
 They vanish into naught but air;  
 No chain of ill-will can they find,  
 To bind themselves unto my mind.

For kindly voices cannot greet,  
 Or wish, in fellowship to meet,  
 Tales, which are hurtful, false and base—  
 These, in *their* sphere, must find a place.  
 For gentle words, and deeds alone,  
 My memory will claim as *its own* ;  
 So, those you've now bestowed on me,  
 Shall ever well remembered be.  
 Your kindly acts, may Heaven bless ;  
 And may you happiness possess ;  
 And may all other blessings flow  
 On you—whilst dwelling here below ;  
 And when you rest beneath the sod,  
 May your spirit rise, and dwell with God.

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### FRAGMENT.

EARNEST desires of every good for thee :  
 Heartfelt best wishes, that thy lot may be,  
 Now, as bright days have dawned, ever to shine,  
 Radiant with joys for thee, dear Brother mine.  
 Youth will not linger long—virtue shall last,  
 Arm thyself with it now - time speeds on fast ;  
 Robes of the “purest white,” then shalt thou gain,  
 Called hence by God away, Heaven thou'lt attain.  
 Hosts of bright angel eyes watch from above,  
 In this terrestrial sphere, while thou dost move :  
 Brimful of blessedness may life's cup be,  
 Always affording, some sweet drinks for thee.  
 Love's potion, now thou'st drunk—long may it yield,  
 Draughts of pure happiness, be this thy shield :  
 Much as my heart doth wish, words fail me now,  
 E'en tho' my pen seems loth, such to avow ;  
 Running along lightly, 'twill fain stamp more,  
 Robbing kind words and thoughts from my mind's  
 store ;  
 Ending its task of love, but to express,  
 Treasure thy loved one long, trust her not less—  
 Thus when united—may God you both bless.

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## SCANDAL.

To see a friend, my steps I bent,  
 With whom, some pleasant hours I spent;  
 Whilst there—in came a gentleman  
 And thus—soon after, he began.

“How, think you, Friend, I’ve passed this day?  
 In paying visits—and must say,  
 My mind is daily growing stronger,  
 To cut each idle, scandal-monger.”

“Why! what’s the matter?” said my friend,  
 “Who did your dignity offend?  
 Come—let me soothe you—and be sure,  
 From scandal you are here secure.”

“Thanks, thanks—but if you only knew,  
 They ridiculed none else, but you;  
 Could they but guess, with what contempt,  
 To all their trash, mine ears I lent.”

“Did *they* speak of me? Then ’tis well!  
 All trouble from your mind dispel;  
 Detracting tongues may use my name,  
*God* sees my heart—I feel no shame.”

“Who spoke of Julia?” now I asked,  
 “And thus, your patience sorely tasked!  
 An answer could you not vouchsafe?  
 By pungent truth their envy chafe?”

“Why, Madam! it was Mrs. Lynn,  
 And some one, named Jane Emmeline;  
 And then, there were the Misses Tree,  
 So many, that they puzzled me.

“One said ‘How’s Mrs. Julia?  
 I hope you danced enough with her!  
 Much pleasure did you there receive,  
 At Mrs. Backet’s t’other eve?’

- “ Another Miss then smiled and said—  
 ‘ I heard, you by her side had stayed,  
 That blessed evening—and that none,  
 But *you*—claimed her whole attention.’ ”
- “ And was this all they said of us?  
 About our dancing, made a fuss!  
 And as for your attending me—  
 Do *they* despise civility ?
- “ Erase such nonsense from your mind,  
 Unworthy there a place to find :  
 And heed them not—take my word on it—  
 I’ve scorned such stings, from many a Hornet.’ ”
- “ Wait, Julia ! I must add a word,  
 Which you, perhaps have not yet heard :  
 Now listen, both ! whilst I relate,  
 A list of acts, with truth I state.”
- “ I know these people well, young man,  
 Their motives easily I scan ;  
 And what they say about our friend,  
 Needs not, that you should e’er defend.
- “ I’d ask these would-be-prudish Misses,  
 Who’d faint, perchance, at thought of kisses ;  
 If they think not, ’tis *waste* of time,  
 To send—then *own*, a Valentine ?
- “ You laugh ! just listen what befel,  
 And heed the silly tale I’ll tell  
 They’d grasp the mote from off *your* eye  
 But pass *their own* beam *lightly* bye.
- “ One likes a young man passing well,  
 And says, she’d wish with him to dwell ;  
 Not doubting, that he’ll not decline,  
 To yield to her, his feelings fine.

- “ Another, feels young Cupid’s dart,  
And tenders to this youth, her heart;  
’Tis fixed on him—she tells her love,  
Yet, towards her, his heart won’t move.
- “ Then, comes the last, with modest grace,  
And hopes that he will not efface,  
All thought of her, from off his mind,  
Wherein she seeks a place to find.
- “ But—lest he should mistake her meaning,  
Against green foliage gently leaning—  
Appears, a pretty little Church,  
And *hints*—‘ leave me not in the lurch.’
- “ Two other Valentines he got,  
And who *they* came from *you’ll* guess not;  
But, if *these* damsels viewed his mirth  
Of Valentines there’d be a dearth.
- “ Had you danced with *them one whole night*,  
You’d then have acted very right;  
And had you *them* attention shown,  
Depend on it, ’twould not be known.
- “ Well, never mind! such is the world!  
’Gainst whom hath not vile slander whirled?  
Believe me, I don’t care a jot,  
If people use me well or not.
- “ For *friends alone* I *truly* care,  
That *they* prove constant, is my prayer;  
*Few* have I—but I love them well,  
’Two now are here, I joy to tell.
- “ Then let us laugh, at what folks say,  
I always do—say *what they may*;  
If clear in mind—we’re safe enough,  
The world’s abuse is *trashy stuff*!”
-



## TO AN IMPUDENT JEW.

STRANGER—for thee, these lines are penned !  
 The writer hopes 'twill gain her end :  
 Seek not to know whose hand hath traced,  
 Words—which, ere long may be effaced,  
 From off the tablets of thy mind,  
 Unsited, to *thy tastes refined* (?)  
 Yet hearken, for a moment, pray !  
 At least be patient—I'll pourtray  
 The acts of one—(was he a fool ?  
 To think, I'd stoop to be his tool !)

## OCCURRENCES AT AN EVENING PARTY.

- “ WELL—really Sister ! Here's that man  
 Of silly tongue—met once again :  
 Dost see him ? Ah ! he comes, I trow,  
 To make you his most stately bow.  
 The foolish pest !—the brainless elf !  
 Who could endure him—but yourself !”
- “ *Good* evening, Madam ! How are you ?  
 Ah, could I this *last* term eschew !”
- “ I'm quite well, Sir ; but, pray explain,  
 Why, you omit to use my name ?”
- “ Oh ! ask me not, for you must know  
 'To find you married grieves me so.”
- “ Indeed ! well, *I* can't share your grief—  
 I'll add but little, to be brief ;  
 This subject, you'll not moot again,  
 And from *all* silly talk refrain.”
- “ Well, come and dance !—you'll not ? then I  
 Am doomed this eve to fret and sigh—”
- “ Again such nonsense ! pray, begone !  
 And leave me here to play alone.”
- “ Some words of sense, then will I tell ?  
 You sing *so* sweetly—play *so* well—  
 You're *so* good-natured, and *so* kind”—
- “ Hush, Sir ! I am surprised to find—  
 To utter trash, you will persist,  
 I beg, *this moment* you'll desist ;  
 And if you'll not—I shall not answer,

So, please put on your walking cap, Sir."

What a relief! He's gone away!  
 I trust, there he'll prolong his stay—  
 Dear me! what a disgusting creature!  
 Who'll scan, and talk of form and feature.  
 Married or not, he will address  
 Such foolish converse—and express  
 Such rude remarks—that I'm inclined,  
 When next he comes, to speak my mind;  
 And tell him, I'll endure no longer,—  
 Such suffrance, for a scandal-monger.  
 "Ah, Rufus! come—I want you here,  
 I've something nausous for your ear;  
 I trust my words you'll kindly take,  
 Since I've been pestered for your sake.  
 Dost see that man? he is *your* friend!  
 But our acquaintanceship must end;  
 You introduced him—but I find,  
 His converse does not suit my mind;  
 I've tried to change its silly tide,  
 And proved—with sense he can't abide.  
 A harmless joke—a merry word,  
 Never offends me, be assured;  
 But when a man exceeds this limit,  
 I've sense enough to keep within it.  
 This saucy Jew should be well shaken,  
 To stir his brains—or I'm mistaken  
 In judging as I do, this man;  
 Yet I must cut So-lo-(a)-man.

\* \* \* \* \*

All ye who such advice do need,  
 To this my moral, pray give heed:—  
 When men advance *ought* *irrespective*,  
 Be sure they've marked you—"Head defective;"  
 And if you're not—let it be seen,  
 Repulse them—show your self-esteem,  
 These men, come round you—just to flirt!  
*This fact*, they afterwards assert;  
 And say—"it was a glorious lark!"  
 Ladies! prevent this—mark each spark!

## FRAGMENT,

IN IMITATION OF

"AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN."

Yes! I feel that I love thee,  
 Thou! thou! hast my heart won;  
 Why? why? should I then leave thee,  
 If thou wilt but be mine own!  
 Speak! O speak, love! say but that thou would be mine!

Love! 'tis hard to be parted,  
 If thy affection is sure;  
 No! No! nothing can sever,  
 Hearts, thus united and pure.  
 Say! O say, love! wilt thou consent to be mine?

Say that thou wilt regard me,  
 Love—trust—deem me sincere;  
 Then, then, will I not leave thee,  
 Thou shalt forever be dear.  
 Think—Oh, think, love! wilt thou be pleased to be mine?

---

 A DREAM,
*September 15th, 1854.*

DEPRESSED with care—on my bed I wept,  
 'Twas long ere sleep o'er my eyelids crept,  
 My thoughts chased rest away:  
 I had prayed for the soul of the much-loved dead,  
 And tears brought relief to my aching head,  
 Yet, wakeful still I lay.

In fancy I roved to that sacred spot,  
 A new-made grave, in my mind oft sought,  
 Where a dear, lost friend doth rest:  
 And memory pictured that sad—sad eve,  
 When I saw the earth that form receive,  
 And cover that feeling breast.

And then my thoughts, to an *enemy* turned,  
 As he stood by the dead—(who, in life was spurned) ;  
 What caused *his* presence *there* ?  
 Yet—this last tribute to one beloved —  
 All bitterness from my heart removed  
 To'ards one, who once was dear.

Tears gushed anew, with a torrent flow,  
 And in pain I kept tossing to and fro,  
 All comfortless and lone :  
 But soon exhausted, I ceased to weep ;  
 And my eyes then closed in weary sleep,  
 My sorrows and cares had flown.

'Twas then—a bright vision of happiness,  
 Stole over my soul—with its joys to bless,  
 The grief-worn sufferer's sleep :  
 A tiny form, on its father's arm,  
 Was brought, its Aunt's cold heart to warm,  
 And round that heart to creep.

Oh ! I cannot tell what my feelings were,  
 When that innocent child, so bright and fair,  
 Was placed upon my knee :  
 Its father's arms were gently wound,  
 His dying sister's neck around,  
 Kept there so lovingly.

Then I bent to look at the child's sweet face,  
 Familiar features, there to trace,  
 Which fondly I beheld :  
 Its brow and soft look bore its father's mark,  
 But the eyes were its mother's—bright and dark—  
 The beautiful being I held.

Ah ! this pleasant dream soon passed away,  
 'Though, I would fain have had it stay—  
 But, no pleasures for *me* remain !  
 And now I am puzzled to think what it meant—  
 For what, was this taunting vision sent ?  
 The future will surely explain !

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## FRAGMENT.

BEAUTIFUL flowers!—bright and sweet,  
 Sadly, now your sight I greet;  
 Tendrils of his favourite creeper,  
 Dearest to the lonely weeper:  
 As you're severed from your stay  
 So is friendship's torn away  
 Equally bereaved we meet.

Beautiful flowers! once bestowing,  
 Gladness on the heart—sad growing;  
 Now, your influence has flown,  
 Gloom—its rival overthrown:  
 Laughter from my lips may start,  
 Cheerless ever is my heart;  
 Darkest shades, my fate now showing.

Beautiful flowers!—look not gay,  
 Whilst you're on his grave to-day;  
 Fresh I place you on this spot,  
 Droop, and mourn that he is not:  
 Wanting water, quick you'll fade,  
 Thus—bath death my soul-springs stayed;  
 Soon from sight we'll pass away.

---

 TO THE GENTLEMAN,

WHO LEFT ME TWO VOLUMES OF "ENGLISH LITERATURE."

"THANK you, Sir," is stalish  
 "Many thanks," is trash,  
 "How *can* I thank you," nonsense,  
 This—I can never scratch.

So—I'll say in simple English,  
 I'm very much obliged,  
 For the books—and the kind wishes  
 Of the giver shall be prized.



No other gift so welcome  
 As books—these are to me,  
 Resources of great pleasure—  
 And treasured carefully.

Though distant climes and places,  
 From me—these friends may sever;  
 I've but to lift a volume,  
 It bids me friends remember.

And you've now left a token,  
 Which—though we part, or not;  
 Shall oft remembrance waken—  
 You will not be forgot!

---

TO T. E. D'R.,

WHO SENT ME A SMALL BOOK.

PLACED amidst remembrances  
 Of the like—your gift now rests—  
 Kindly feeling it evinces,  
 Which, your present kindness tests.

Mark my words, reward awaits you,  
 Blessings for good acts you'll gain;  
 Always do what kindness bids you  
 Though you may not thanks obtain.

“Cast your bread upon the waters,”  
 ‘Twill return and yield you more:  
 One of “Faith’s” most humble daughters—  
 Tells you—great will be your store!

As for me—and *all I* cherish,  
 Gratefully, within my breast;  
 Will but in life’s closing—perish—  
 Then, as now, will friends be bless’d.

TO HIM, WHO SENT ME A "SPIRIT OF PRAYER"  
AND BOOK OF MEDITATION.

YOUR gifts were welcome—valued more, by far,  
Than many other presents ever were;  
Because your books have useful been to me,  
My surest comforters they'll ever be.

Yet, I regret to tell the pious giver,  
That I must pray—fate always may deliver,  
My wicked self, from those who cannot be,  
Friends—in bright season *and* adversity.

It puzzles me to try and understand,  
How pious souls hold out a *friendly* hand;  
And when their backs are turned—feel no remorse,  
To make themselves, by angry words, quite hoarse!

It is not much from any one I ask,  
But now it seems *forbearance* is a task;  
And harsh injustice holds its biassed sway,  
Most quickly leading *holy* souls away!

A sinner now-a-days to sinner clings,  
For piety and holiness are higher things;  
But these forget, that seven times a day,  
The just ones fall—and oftener they may.

Yet 'tis consoling for us wicked ones,  
The *Holiest*, a sinner never shuns;  
And best of all—He knows each wicked heart—  
Bids them repent, and then in peace depart.

I do not feel inclined to say much more,  
My feelings, on this point, being very sore;  
So, now to him who gave me books—I'll say,  
Be always good—or friends will run away.

---

## SPITE.

At a little tea party  
 Folks met, and ate hearty,  
 But when the repast was got over—  
 The hostess scarce rose,  
 And tried to propose  
 A round game of cards, to play it who chose,  
 When thus an old lady o'erruled her.

“ My dear, O don't have it !  
 It's very wrong habit  
 To play with so bad thing as *caurd* ;  
 The devil we baulk  
 If we sitting and talk,  
 But *caurd* very sinful, it make me quite shock—  
 My daughters they never play *caurd* !”

Now, reader, just fancy !  
 This old mother Nancy  
 So dreaded that rum fellow Nick ;  
 She shunned this amusement  
 So simple and pleasant,  
 That Dolly and Molly, her daughters then  
 present,  
 Could not play, even one little trick.

So, they sat round the table,  
 The hostess not able  
 To bring her poor cards on the board ;  
 “ Come talk,” said the host  
 “ Or, I'll give up the ghost,”—  
 To the wife he thus whispered—“ my dear *we*  
 shall roast :  
 “ What news, Mrs. Spink ?” he then *roared*.

“ News !”—said the old woman,  
 “ Law ! this world so inhuman,  
 It never can let us alone :  
 That pert little Jenny,  
 No feeling got any,  
 She run down my daughter, and telling so many—  
 The character taking of one.”

"Why—she is so snappy?  
 She married, and happy!  
 And then she have carriage and pair!  
 A Miss is my daughter—  
 Young men not yet sought her,  
*Her* fortune not made yet—she prize to who got  
 her:  
 To give her bad name—Jenny dare!"

"You know, Mrs. Jenkin  
 Mrs. Rose—she once *thenkin*  
 My son-in-law marry her then;  
 She find much mistaken,  
 He better wife taken,  
 Then—she again dying and Tommy's heart  
 braken;  
 And he never marry again."

"Yes!" said Sister Dolly,  
 "I wonder what Molly  
 Has done to offend Mrs. Rose,  
 That revenge she now takes,  
 And bad remarks makes—  
 Against my poor Sister, an old story rakes,  
 A story scarce any one knows."

"O never mind, Dolly,"  
 Said *pretty* Miss Molly—  
 "Mrs. Rose she dislikes me, I know;  
 And, I spoke of her friend,  
 Whom she loves to defend—  
 I care not a pin, as to whom I offend—  
 Mamma! it is time we should go."

"Ah, *ha*—Molly dear!  
 I wish them to hear  
 My opinion of this little flirt:"—  
 "No, Mamma! come away,  
 I'm too tired to stay;  
 Don't waste precious breath, you'll need it some  
 day—  
 Besides talking—your chest it will hurt."

So, the tea party broke up  
 As the old lady rose up  
 And said—"this Gal *will* make me go—  
 But I not done with Jenny ;  
 I talking to many  
 And tell them about her—no friend she have any  
 All her flirting, when people will know."

" You know Mrs. Jenkin,  
 That poor Harry Penkin—  
 She jilted him only for whim!"—  
 " Mamma, that will do,  
 Though your sayings are true,"  
 Said Dolly—"come home—Mrs. Jenkin, adieu!"  
 So they left—and now I will begin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Patient reader, beware !  
 Of old ladies who fear  
 His Satanic Highness—the Devil—  
 Mark me—when they speak  
 'Tis mostly from pique  
*Such* old women belong to the Devil's own clique  
 Those who *pray*, and shun cards as an evil.

---

### MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA, MEA MAXIMA CULPA.

HEAR, mighty Heaven, a sinner doth appeal !  
 Thou God all-seeing know'st the grief I feel :  
 O heed my prayer, in mercy bend to me ;  
 My Father ! Friend ! my All ! I plead with Thee.  
 With deep felt sorrow every sin I own,  
 From first to last, they're known to Thee alone ;  
 My thoughts, acts, feelings, every sense Thou'st given,  
 Is seen by Thee, and registered in Heaven.  
 Bowed to the dust, great God, behold me here !  
 Who'll listen, Lord, if Thou reject my prayer ?  
 Not for myself alone do I now crave,  
 But one, whose body lieth in the grave ;  
 His soul still lives, and from its unknown sphere,  
 Perchance it marks me bearing each coarse sneer ;



Then, does it know, and thou, my God, the same,  
 These wounds hurt most because 'tis through his name.  
 My thoughts, my feelings, my intents, my acts,  
 Are basely held up, falsified as facts;  
 No power have I to lay my crushed heart bare,  
 And show the lineaments of struggle there;  
 To lift the veil, and let detractors see,  
 They will not trace *the* spots they seek *on me*;  
 And but a simple, loving heart they'll find,  
 Speckled with frailties, yet, not of *that* kind.  
 Thou know'st, my God! 'Thou who didst fill my veins,  
 I'd give my life blood, to wash out all stains,  
 Splashed o'er the memory of the much-loved dead,  
 By those *he* dreamt not, would vile scandal spread.  
*He was a friend*, sincere, and true till death,  
 And I shall love him to my latest breath.  
 Thou, Omniscient! 'twas to Thee well known,  
 The seed of love, on friendship's soil was sown;  
 Thou, Omnipresent! Thou didst surely see,  
 What caused his love, his confidence in me;  
 Why, trust unbounded in him placed I rather,  
 Than either, Husband, other friend, or Father.  
 Oh! 'tis a comfort that I'm known to Thee,  
 That thou, my Maker! Thou my judge shalt be;  
 The heart now pulseless, mould'ring in the earth,  
 Was *all* I owned, and priceless was its worth;  
 Its dearest throbs would ne'er have beat for me,  
 Were not my own bared to him truthfully.  
 And Oh! I thank Thee for the soothing thought,  
 That man's displeasure will affect Thee not.  
 Base falsehood's hook, the world with truth may bait,  
 And thus secure belief for all they state;  
 But Lord I bless thee, that 'midst all my woe,  
 Thou wilt not spurn me, if in truth I go,  
 And kneel in spirit, at Thy mighty throne,  
 Thou wilt believe me—Thou, thy child wilt own!  
 I grieve to think that I have scandalized,  
 The faith, which more than life I've dearly prized;  
 Oh! Lord to Thee my every act was known,  
 If I have erred, unconsciously 'twas done:

Forgive me Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 Most deeply humbled in Thy sight I bend ;  
 The dying woman comes to Thee for peace,  
 In thy own time, good God, grant her release,  
 But hear me now, as in the hour of death,  
 When I must dread if drawing falsehood's breath !  
 Our frailty, was the love which kindness wound,  
 By mutual gratitude, then firmly bound.  
 Imprudence, in my act may have a share,  
 This, now entraps me in a well-laid snare ;  
 Unhid affection long hath marked the ground,  
 Which Christian hands have hedged with falsehood round.  
 When Thou recalled that soul to Heaven's sphere,  
 Not me alone hadst thou afflicted here :  
 Judge thou, my God, from Thy high throne above,  
 Who merited the dying man's best love ;  
 A constant soul, who hath forbearance shown,  
 Or wounded pride which flings *its* sinless stone ?  
 Offended *virtue* with indignant *shame*,  
 Blows loud its trumpet, blasts a *sinner's* name ;  
 But if *that sinner* like a trodden worm,  
 Unloosed her tongue and stung them in return ;  
 Could she still feel that hers was noble love,  
 Enduring all, to join that Friend above ?  
 Well knowing that a single hair of mine,  
 Could not be hurt, unless the sanction Thine ;  
 My sins deserved it, and for such 'twas given,  
 Thou placed the cross, my path from earth, to Heaven.  
 My persecutors, yet their deeds will rue  
 " Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do !"  
 Like that good thief who hung beside Thy tree,  
 I asked Thee, Lord—" In Heaven remember me".  
 Oh ! touch their hearts, who now against me rise,  
 That they may hear—" We'll meet in Paradise ;"  
 Thou know'st they've harmed me, wronged the dead  
 much more,  
 Yet, lay this not against their sinful store.  
 May that loved spirit, which from earth has flown,  
 Be now mid'st joys, that we have not yet known ;  
 And when full measure of this ground is trod,  
 Oh ! may he meet us, near thy throne, good God !

---

## FRAGMENT.

Who is that creature bending o'er that grave?  
 So heedless of the earth, on which she sadly kneels;  
 She speaks no word, she doth not wildly rave;  
 Yet, tear-drops fall—Ah! the bereaved one *feels*.

Who can she be? the great ones are all gone—  
 The funeral train—its stately robed chief mourner;  
 His task performed—his weeping soon was done—  
 But, who is this? Those grand folks did not own her.

She sees me not—I'll watch her stealthily;  
 Night deepens on—I wonder when she'll leave?  
 Clouds darken now—the rain falls heavily;  
 The lightning's flash she doth not e'en perceive.

She speaks! but 'tis not right that I should hear,  
 Words which are meant for Heavenly ears alone!  
 The sorrowing watcher thinks, there's no one near,  
 Sees *but* that grave, beneath Heaven's mighty dome.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“O Friend of Friends! how can I leave this spot,  
 Where, now thou liest, on thy damp dark bed;  
*Could* I have seen thee—but, God willed it not,  
 Oh, for oblivion, here to rest my head.”

“This day I dreaded—it has dawned for me,  
 I've seen the earth cast on thy resting place;  
 Each ruthless throw fell through my heart, on thee,  
 Though stranger eyes, no tear on mine could trace.”

“No! none shall see me weep for thee, dear Friend;  
 But God will mark each tributary tear;  
 Thine eyes had wept for my fast hastening end,  
 They're closed in death, and mine have seen thy bier.”

“'Tis hard to live, and quell my bursting grief,  
 'Tis hard to be denied the soothing thought;  
 Which may have brought my poor crushed heart relief,  
 That, one last look, of thy dear face I got.”

" 'Twas one above who did that sword direct,  
Which earthly hands sent piercing through my soul ;  
To man—my bearing was in truth erect,  
To God bowed down—He doth my lot control.

" O Friend beloved ! He wills that I should go,  
E'en now, far from thee—who wert ever near ;  
Most precious spirit, if thou look'st below,  
See—mine remains beside thy grave so dear.

" The truthful heart that loved thee for *thy worth*,  
Will not forget thee to her dying day ;  
I go, dear Friend, but to this spot of earth,  
Fond memory's charm will bring my mind alway."

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She's gone at last—lone mourner for the dead,  
Not chief in sorrow to the eyes of man ;  
But, the " All-seeing" saw, the tears she shed,  
He'll judge her heart—the world her acts may scan.

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### A FAREWELL.

A RUSHLIGHT glimmers ! Reader—thou alone,  
Will not forget, that such a light once shone ;  
And when this hand will to the dust return,  
The light it lit, will, for thee, Reader, burn.  
If gentle feelings dwell within thy breast,  
Then breathe a prayer, that soon with God I'll rest ;  
This world recedes—my hopes for Heaven now swell—  
Whoe'er thou art ! Dear Reader, Fare thee well.

The life-blood ebbs—Mother ! thou wert its source ;  
The warning's come—thy child hath run her course ;  
While it sped on—for *each* wrong word, and deed,  
Thy dying daughter, doth forgiveness need.  
Believe it, Mother—deeply loved I thee ;  
Not all thy offspring loved thee *more than me* ;  
The past could not—the future yet may tell—  
Thy child was true—now, Mother—Fare thee well.

The breath wanes fast—Father! through thee 'twas drawn;

Thou'lt think of Julia, when she's dead and gone;

Her deep affection lightly thou didst fling,

For one, who hath imbibed the Hornet's sting.

Frail *trampled* nature, by injustice stirred,

*Once* made me utter, many, an angry word;

Forgive me all, that in the past befel—

Forget me not—My Father—Fare thee well!

The heart-throbs weaken—Sisters! soon will part,

Though dying distant—yet most dear thou art:

My childhood's mates—my girlhood's partners thou!

Ask each, thy heart—do I speak falsely now?

When telling thee, in this my last address—

*Fondly* I've loved *each one*—e'en now not less.

“All have their failings”—needs not I should tell,

Forgive me mine—Dear Sisters—Fare thee well!

The life-light flickers—Brother!—Have I one?

Ere 'tis extinguished, let *my* task be done!

I seek thee not, lest, in my dying hour,

My Mother's son—his angered frowns may lour;

I was thy Friend—but thou my enemy—

Yet, I've forgotten that thou injured me:

Perchance thou'lt answer Julia's funeral knell—

*There* leave thy rancour—*nameless*! Fare thee well!

The soul-pulse quickens—Friends!—though few I claim,

Remember sometimes, one who prized thy name;

My grateful heart esteems each Friend—whilst here,

And daily, breathes for them an humble prayer.

Yet, the best portion of that love has flown.

With friendship's firmest, dearest link, 'tis gone;

Gladly I'm hastening, in his sphere to dwell—

We'll meet again, I hope—Friends—Fare thee well!



## A MOTHER'S WISHES.

Rise early always—say your prayers,  
 Try to be good all day ;  
 And never go to sleep at night,  
 Before you kneel and pray :  
 Then God will bless you, Johnny dear,  
 And make you good, my boy ;  
 Thus may you live and ever prove,  
 Your parents living joy.

Whenever you have naughty been,  
 Remember God has seen you :  
 And, Johnny, when you tell a lie,  
 Mind—God can always hear you :  
 Whatever you may say or do,  
 God never will forgive you ;  
 Unless you change your naughty ways—  
 He will not guide and bless you.

To servants speak as children should—  
 Not loud—but just be heard ;  
 And never sit to play with them,  
 Repeat no naughty word :  
 Servants are meant to work for us,  
 With kindness make them do it ;  
 You must not tease or beat them, dear,  
 God will be angry for it.

In school—at home—or any place—  
 Be an obedient boy ;  
 Never be rude and obstinate,  
 Or any one annoy :  
 Look up when you are spoken to,  
 And answer properly ;  
 Don't stand and hear when people talk,  
 Go play, and merry be.

Mind, Johnny—always say your grace,  
 Before you sit to eat ;  
 Then, nicely hold your spoon and fork,  
 Don't stuff your mouth with meat ;

Behave yourself—mind, sit upright,  
 Keep elbows off the table;  
 Eat always what is given you,  
 Not more than you are able.

May Jesus bless my little boy,  
 Mamma for Johnny prays;  
 May God protect him day and night,  
 Wherever Johnny stays:  
 May Holy Mary guard my child,  
 Preserve him from all harm;  
 And may he ever walk beside,  
 His guardian angel's arm.

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### FRAGMENT.

A Book! and sent by you!  
 What new-born fancy did your mind bestrew  
 With thoughts of me—of me, whom thou'st arrayed,  
 Most gorgeously, with robes all falsehood made!

A Book—"The Christian's Souvenir"—  
*Your* gift! but for its worth I well could spare  
 This volume from my shelf; for there each book,  
 Hath sweet associations in its look.

A Book—and of such kind!  
 Fraught with consoling truths to soothe my mind  
 And *you* the medium! what was the intent  
 Which urged my husband when this Book he sent?

This Book—to probe my heart?  
 Was such your wish? or may I risk the thought—  
 Perchance of kindness some latent spark  
 Beamed on your soul—so piteously dark!

This Book—stamped with your name!  
 Sent in proud silence—(do so not again)  
 Bears you my thanks, alone for its own worth  
 I need no more—In Books I am not dearth.

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## UNTHANKFULNESS.

Another Book ! what, "Friendship's Offering" !  
 Whence did this mania for book gifts spring ?  
 And then such titles—"Christian's Souvenir," —  
 With "Friendship's Offering,"—which makes me stare.

Would *you* console me ? Are you *now* my friend ?  
 Such is the inference these Books portend ;  
 Yet am I doubtful of your sympathy,  
 And fear, 'tis blended with hypocrisy.

Lay not these baits to lure me back to you,  
 We'll meet—but *then* to bid one last adieu ;  
 I need no gifts, whilst you withhold my right—  
 I know your heart—there reigns deceit, with might.

Stay—stay your hand, bestow no gifts on me—  
 Bless'd be kind Friends, *theirs* is true sympathy ;  
 Who come, directed by Our Greatest Friend—  
 To soothe my sorrows, and my wants to tend.

Much more I'll need not, life is ebbing fast ;  
 The home I covet will be mine at last—  
 There, cares and suffering flee—and peace  
 Shall shed its lustre on my soul's release.

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 MORNING HYMN.

My God ! since it hath been Thy will,  
 That I—this day should live to see ;  
 Bless all my actions, thoughts, and words ;  
 Accept the heart I give to Thee.  
 With soul-felt gratitude, I own,  
 Thy watchful care of us, last night ;  
 Bless us this day, with Heavenly gifts,  
 That thus we may Thy love requite.

First—lead our thoughts to Thee above;  
 Our duties next, our mind engage;  
 If aught of trouble blend our hours,  
 May thy blest Hand, our grief assuage.  
 But when, in pleasure's scenes we mix,  
 Or move amidst a motley throng;  
 Teach us excesses to avoid,  
 And sinful converse ne'er prolong.

And when the even-tide comes on,  
 Releasing us from daily toil;  
 Our bodies we resign to sleep,  
 Our souls with Thee, tread Heavenly soil.  
 Beloved Jesus! hear my prayer,  
 And be, throughout this day, my friend;  
 Mary, Sweet Mother! guard thy child,  
 Angel of God! my steps defend.

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### EVENING HYMN.

O God of Mercy! unto Thee,  
 My wayward thoughts I bend;  
 Give heed, dear Jesus, to my prayer,  
 And be a sinner's Friend:  
 With deep-felt grief, my sins I own,  
 And my past folly see;  
 I ask for pardon, mercy, grace,  
 And constant love for Thee.

Thou who hast said—"come—all that mourn,  
 Come—burthened ones to me;  
 All who would burst their sinful bonds—  
 Come! God will set thee free:"  
 Weary, and laden, I approach,  
 Thy mercy seat of love;  
 In pity ease, my sins' deep weight,  
 And all my shackles move.

Lord! Thy preventing grace alone,  
 Can keep me less from sin;  
 Oh! aid me then, most graciously,  
 A new life to begin:  
 Oh, God! my inmost spirit cries,  
 In hopeful trust—to thee;  
 Pity my frailty, and bestow  
 A better heart on me.

Whene'er from thy commands I stray,  
 And from devotion shrink;  
 Assist me—Satan's bonds to burst,  
 And on *Thy mercies* think—  
 Jesus! I lay me down to sleep,  
 Protect, *all* I hold dear;  
 Good guardian angels—and thou Queen  
 Of Heaven—I pray be near.

## ON THE LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HAIL, Holy Mary! to thy name I sing,  
 And praise the Mother of my God—my King:  
 Virgin of Virgins—still a Mother sure,  
 Of Christ our Saviour; yet more chaste and pure.  
 Mother inviolate—holy, undefiled;  
 Plead for the wants of thy unworthy child:  
 Mary! most amiable—admirable—kind,  
 Sinners, in thee, a friend shall ever find.  
 Thou—who through a mysterious agency,  
 Chosen, the mother of our God to be;  
 Creator and Redeemer, both in one,  
 O'ershadowed by the Sanctifier—was thy Son:  
 Yet by thy spouse, a Virgin thou wast found;  
 Proclaimed most venerable—prudent, and renowned.  
 Virgin most powerful!—merciful to all,  
 Faithful to sinners, who on thee do call;  
 Mirror of justice! cause of all our joy!  
 Seat of great wisdom! gold, without alloy!



Spiritual vessel ! hold our heart-poured prayers,  
 And, by thy intercession, ease our cares.  
 Vessel of Honour ! watch us from above,  
 On our behalf, the God of pity move :  
 Devotion singular, thou hadst, in youth attained,  
 Ere Heaven had crowned thee, and a Queen thus gained,  
 Tower of David ! Precious *House* of gold !  
 We turn to thee, with hearts of grief—untold ;  
*Gateway* of Heaven ! *Ark* of the Covenant !  
 Morning's bright Star ! and our sure help, in want :  
 Health of the weak, in sickness, ease our pain,  
 Refuge of Sinners, for us pardon gain ;  
 Comfortress of the afflicted, soothe our grief ;  
 Thou, help of Christians, pray for our relief.  
 Angels and Saints—all own thee, glorious Queen ;  
 Head of the Patriarchs—Prophets—thou hast been :  
 Queen of Apostles—Martyrs—Virgins—ALL,  
 Thou chief of Confessors—I pray, lest we fall.

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## ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

CREATOR—God ! my breath by Thee was given,  
 Thou sent a soul on earth, to strive for Heaven ;  
 Though born a sinner through first Adam's fall,  
 Thy loving mercy, even such dost call.

Thy gifts—all Bounteous ! basely have I used,  
 Thy kind forbearance—life-long I've abused ;  
 Yet, such thy goodness—never wilt thou spurn  
 An erring mortal—e'en tho' late she turn.

Redeemer—God ! my soul was by Thee bought,  
 That precious ransom I deserved not ;  
 Oh ! shall Thy blood be shed for me in vain ?  
 Forbid it, Saviour ! pardon yet obtain.

Death beckons now, to life beyond the grave,  
 My hope is strong—that Thou my soul will save ;  
 O cleanse my heart, and make it fit for Thee  
 Then keep it, Lord ! Thine, may it ever be !”

Thou Sanctifier—God ! O shed Thy beams  
Of Holiness—and may my soul bask neath its gleams—  
Be this an antidote against the many ills,  
Which poisonous sin within my breast instils.

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May Thy preventing grace around me shine,  
Preserve me now—through this my life's decline ;  
Support my spirit in the hour of death—  
Then, Heavenly friends receive my parting breath.













